



JANUARY 1939

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE

Let up before your nerves get Tired, Tense

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NERVES A REST...

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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

FRONT and CENTER

THE SERVICE FLAG . .

To the Editor: I am desirous of learning the origin of the Service Flag, that was used during the war, to indicate by stars the number of people in a family who were in the service. I believe this was the origin of the Gold Star also.

Would you please turn this over to someone who can inform me who was the originator of the idea—VINCENT I. BARRETT, *Andrew Fatscher Post*, Utica, New York.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The following is taken from the World Almanac of 1919: "The service flag is not an official flag of the United States Government. The idea was, so far as we are advised, an entirely novel one, the credit for the conception of which appears to be due to R. L. Queisser of Cleveland, Ohio, who designed and patented the present flag. It has, however, taken such firm root in popular sentiment and has been of such beneficial influence that it is officially recognized, and everyone who is entitled to fly it is encouraged and urged to do so. Mr. Queisser was formerly captain of the machine gun company, 5th Ohio Infantry (now 145th United States Infantry), from which he was retired because of an accident." The foregoing statement is credited by the World Almanac to Lieutenant Colonel Nathan W. MacChesney, Judge Advocate, National Army.]*

ABOUT SPIKE HENNESSY

To the Editor: Some time ago I saw a letter in the Legion Magazine about Spike and the gas mask drill. I recall Colonel Hennessy more or less vividly. He was in Pacific Grove, California, in 1928, a retired lieutenant colonel. The 147th Field Artillery was pretty close to us in the experiences Leonard Nason wrote up. I followed in Nason's footsteps more or less, but did not go up on the Marne with any suitcases. I was with the Fifth Battalion, Field Artillery Replacement Regiment. I arrived at La Courtine June 13th, having been carried off the *Leviathan* with mumps when she arrived in France on April 21st, at that time being attached to Battery B, 304th Field Artillery.

The boys were a little the worse for wine at La Courtine, but were not bothered by M. P.'s if they had someone to help them back to barracks. We had Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off, I remember.

Spike wasn't a bad man to soldier under. I went to Battery F, 10th Field Artillery, at Gondrecourt on September 2d, in Nason's Third Division Artillery Brigade. He was in the 76th Field. They were right with us. I was wounded on October 10th at Cierges. I was at rest camp at Bordeaux, don't know if it was Genicart or not. We did not use the

branch line to the main depot, but went by truck, left the main line at Ussel and took trucks to La Courtine, about 25 kilometers. I liked La Courtine, we could see snow-capped mountains on a clear day. There were boxing and ball games on the Fourth and we also had a day off on the Fourteenth, Bastille Day.—CHARLES N. FARNI, *Post No. 6*, Dubuque, Iowa.

WELCOME, NURSES AND BUDDIES

To the Editor: For the Front and Center page, to the "tune" of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, under the caption "We find them where the Legion never would."

In the land of the Dakotas where the soil had been productive, but not now since drought has hit it, covering it with dust and mortgage so that there's not much to live on, dwells a lady World War veteran, widowed now for several years past, mother of a group of children; has a son of high school age now who's in need of education, and she's puzzled how to manage.

Is not a member of the Legion; she has never been invited; was not even sure she could be, and she was too proud to question.

One day she received a letter from a brand new organization called by name The World War Nurses—saying if she'd like to join them she must first become a member of her Legion Post and through it she could claim her due assistance if it so chanced she might need it.

'Twas a "boon"—for now the Legion, glad to know of her existence as a Veteran, is quite busy bringing benefits that long since she had earned in wartime service.

Now this shows you why we're needed as a group within the Legion, for her local Post not knowing, never would have tried to reach her. So please tell our splendid Legion that "we are," and for a purpose, which this story plainly shows you.

Publish this that other nurses of "The Regiment, Forgotten" too, may know and gladly join us; swell the ranks too, of the Legion, our Great, Fine American Legion.—MRS. T. S. HARRIS, *member of Johnson Melary Post, Hettinger, North Dakota.*

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

To the Editor: Your story in the October issue entitled "Armistice—Never Heard

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

of It," by Dan Steele was great. I enjoyed it very much, but at the beginning of the story, where Mr. Steele says, "Winter, 1918—returning contingents of the A. E. F. are being acclaimed in New York. The war is over on every front except one," should read except two. More than one year after the Armistice, the Third and Fourth Regiments of Marines were still fighting in Santo Domingo. These Marines were almost all period-of-war men.—LYLE W. SMITH, *Formerly Sgt. 11th Co., 3rd Regt. U. S. M. C., Owensville, Indiana.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Strictly speaking, the service in Santo Domingo was not connected with the ruckus with Germany, but of course in the months after the Armistice American forces were in action in Siberia as well as at Archangel. The U. S. troops in Siberia were not withdrawn until March 31, 1920.]*

NO BIAS IN THE LEGION

To the Editor: For quite a while I have thought of writing about things in the magazine. I enjoy every copy and look forward to its coming. It has the interest of every ex-service person.

In several letters and other places remarks about the drafted men have been made, inferring they waited to be forced into service and were slackers. That might be true, but I think a great many of them had been turned down at recruiting places. Four in this small town were that way. We tried every branch of service, some two or three times, and were refused. Also, we could not get jobs because of "subject to war duty." Two of us were called on draft and rated A-1, and soon got to Camp. A-1 on draft, but refused on enlisting. I was glad to be in service with other buddies, but had less choice of what branch I wanted. We all were working together and "for God and Country." In a recent issue of the magazine a grocer wrote of buddies not buying from him. I think that is true in many cases. We should all buy from our buddies, as we would all profit by it. One Post in Minneapolis had a directory printed of all members and their business.

I also have heard at conventions "Only over-seas men should be allowed compensation," but this was by buddies on the street. The Legion officers, hospitals, etc., give same consideration to all service men. We in U. S. camps were ready to go "Over There" if we could.

I noticed in the magazine pictures of "husband-and-wife" Commander-President at same time. Clarence Clofer Post has had three like that, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hutton; Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeVries; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bower.—E. T. OLMSTEAD, *Clarence Clofer Post, Excelsior, Minnesota. (Continued on page 53)*

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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15 West 48th St., New York City

LAST call: The \$1500 Prize Contest for the best short stories and articles written by Legionnaires who have not previously been represented in the magazine will close January 16, 1939. That means that manuscripts must be *in this office* on that date. (It's a Monday.) You will still have loads of time after you get this issue, but remember, please, that loads of time unload very quickly, and that if you wait until the 14th before you take pen in hand you aren't very likely to be in on the Big Money or even the little money. Don't say we didn't warn you.

OH, YES—we almost forgot to tell you that the directions and specifications will be found on page 19. Even if your story or article is all ready, it won't hurt to read the rules again before mailing it.

THIS new year of 1939, you will recall, will mark the twentieth anniversary of the founding of The American Legion. Celebrate it your own way, but celebrate it. Your town is singularly fortunate if it does not contain one or two (or more) old-timers who have not been particularly active of late years. Let them tell the story of the early days. Like as not they will stay in for all the days to come.

JUST a day in the life of a Past National Commander, albeit an Armistice Day: Arrived at Reno, Nevada, 7:30 a. m.; Legion breakfast, 8:00 a. m.; 9:00 a. m., address to school children; 10:00 a. m., headed Armistice parade; 11:00 a. m., spoke at Armistice Day exercises; lunch at Fortune Club; 2:30 p. m., left for

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 43. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

Sparks; 3:30 p. m., made address at Armistice celebration at Sparks; 6:00 p. m., arrived at Reno, dinner at Colombo Club, and 9:00 p. m. on the rattler enroute to San Francisco. Sounds like a stiff schedule, but National Commanders have been doing that routine and even stiffer schedules for years. In case you have not guessed, this Past National Commander is Frank N. Belgrano, Jr. And by the way, he is President of the Pacific National Fire Insurance Company, and not the Pacific Mutual Fire, as we said last month.

CAN you imagine Karl Detzer cutting loose from the D.C.I.? Well, he does in this issue. Not a pistol shot or a corpse or a carload of salvage loot in five thousand words. . . . Fletcher Pratt and Thomas M. Johnson (who is also known to readers of these pages) collaborated recently in a book-length chronicle of the Lost Battalion. . . . Bernhard Ragner, Department Commander of France, is a frequent contributor to this magazine, but the best he can do this time is get his picture in. Mrs. Ragner has the floor. . . . Fairfax Downey's "Disaster Fighters" has recently been published. . . . Louis Capron is an upstate New York Yankee who went south some years ago and has become a ranking authority on the Seminole Indians. . . . E. Melville Price is with *The New Yorker*, whose editor, H. W. Ross, was once editor of *The American Legion Weekly* (remember it?) . . . A happy New Year to all, and don't forget that Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays will be celebrated as usual in February.

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APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON, AND ALL THAT

BY JOHN BLYNN ALEXANDER

I am Nineteen Thirty-Nine,	In my lifetime may there be
And before my finish,	Many a laugh-and-mirth-day,
I trust that great joy will be thine	And don't forget, I'll also see
That Time cannot diminish.	This Legion's twentieth birthday.

PROFESSOR

By
KARL
DETZER

Illustrations by
FRANK STREET

IF YOU'D known Pete Hostetter as long as I had, meeting his Aunt Emma would have shocked you, too.

As for running off to Europe with her, well, maybe your little brain can take it better than mine can. Wouldn't surprise me at all. Or maybe you've had yourself a nice little trip over since the war. I hadn't. You got to remember that, judging me. I hadn't been back across, hadn't even set foot in Hoboken, and I had a yearning to go. Even with a high-brow dame like Pete's Aunt Emma.

Not that there's anything in particular wrong with her. In particular, understand. Only, knowing Pete, she wasn't quite the sort of baby you'd expect. If some big palooka suddenly sat down, all confidential, and whispered a lot of statistics about Mussolini and Charlie Butterworth being twin brothers, you'd know how I felt about Pete and his aunt.

Of course, I got to thank Pete for asking me. Not many guys would have done it, after twenty years. I'd met him in Chicago, for a little run-around on a Saturday night, and we hadn't even bought one drink yet when he sprung it.

"You're to come out to Evanston, Beans, old mule," he says. "Tomorrow Dear Aunt Emma has a surprise."

Well, I went. Call it a mistake or not, Evanston's a nice place, too. Full of nice people and nice houses, including Aunt Emma's. Wouldn't surprise me if somebody out the movies had thought hers up, except there wasn't any armor standing in the front hall, and no bevy of dancers appeared suddenly and did their stuff. Leastways I didn't see any. Aunt Emma turned out to be a most respectable person, about sixty-five. A little on the

ample side, and especially interested in problems, she tells me first thing, and oh, sure . . . that's the whole point . . . rich. Very. An economic royalist, if you know what that means.

"My dear, dear boy, how do you do," she says, welcoming me in billows. "Peter has told me *so* much about you! How you were one of his most dependable officers in that terrible unpleasantness!"

"One of my lieutenants," Pete chirps, giving me a wise look.

"First lieutenant," I says, remembering certain shave-tails.

Aunt purrs, "*First?* Ah! How very nice! He tells me that you joined him on so many expeditions, *Over There*, as we used to say so fondly! Through all the cathedrals and the museums and . . . what did you call those other places, Peter?"

I could have told her. It wasn't museums, or cathedrals, either. But Pete beat me to it. He says very quick, "*Monuments Nationales.*"

"Exactly!" she says. "*Monuments Nationales!* Did I pronounce it right this time, Peter? You see, Mr. Smith," and she hands me a big glass of orange juice . . . that's right. Plain orange juice at four in the p. m. "You see, I'm president this year of the Evanston Travel and Culture Club . . . or has dear Peter told you?"

Peter hadn't. But there was the old squint in his left eye, the kind that always made the M. P.'s hang around and look twice, as if here was a guy knew something funny and wouldn't tell it.

"Our club program will be built around La Belle France," his Aunt Em goes on, "and I'm starting over in August to ob-

serve at first hand, you might say, the wonders of our sister republic."

"Oh," I says.

"I want dear Peter to go along with me," she says, and a tight began to dawn. "He'd be so helpful pointing out familiar sights."

"Oh," I says again, but some little bird tells me right then how Aunt Emma wouldn't be so much impressed by the sights most familiar to Pete and me. In Tours, for one place. Pete and I had fought the battle of the S. O. S. in Tours. We may be just a couple of old bachelors now, but we wasn't then. I was cook and he was a sergeant, part of the time anyhow, in a motor transport outfit. No, no, we never were officers. I thought you'd be smart enough to catch that. Her calling us officers was just her polite way of talking.

"But Peter tells me he fears it's out of the question for you to go with us this summer," she springs at me, giving her bosom a heave. You have *such* an important government position! He says



PUCK'S PARTY



"Let's throw him in the Loire,"
says one of the gang

you're *so* conscientious, you probably wouldn't think of leaving it, times being such as they are . . ."

Now, how could I tell her the truth, after a dose like that? Besides, maybe she never heard of the W. P. A. And anyway, I don't get a chance. She ain't the only one in her family that can talk. Pete begins, too, and does he tell her! I'm only temporarily embarrassed as to finances, it seems. My inheritance floated off somewhere or other in 1920, but I'm still hoping to retrieve part of it by hard work.

"Of course, of course, poor boy," his Aunt Emma says. "How very brave you

are! But if you *will* consider being my . . ."

"Guest?" Pete puts in, wanting to get everything down in black and white.

"Guest, oh, yes, entirely," she says. "It would be such an inspiration for me, touring France with two former officers. I'm *sure* the natives would be especially kind, remembering what you did for them so long ago!"

Well, I didn't argue that, either. Pete and I just sat down and began to figure where we'd go.

You can't blame us at this point, either. Not much, anyway. All Aunt Emma asked that first night was that we plan a nicely balanced trip. Those were her words. Nicely balanced.

Oh, sure, we gave her one. You bet! Didn't take us ten minutes. We were

to be gone six weeks. So if we spent three of them in Tours, where we had friends, and three in Paris, where you can get along nicely without any friends, or even acquaintances, what'd be better?

Well, lots of things, Aunt Emma thought. It was too balanced. She'd been to Paris once, just for a minute or so, when Peter's dear uncle was living, and she didn't think so much of the place . . . not such a hell of a lot . . . it was the capital of a sister republic, of course, but weren't there some other quieter spots in France? Some cute little places, full of . . . you know what . . . quaint color and some dear old ladies in costume and no night life? She began reciting us a poem about Carcassone, and when Pete said that place was over-rated, she began to run on about Nice and Blois.

Pete clucked his tongue. "Wine and women, auntie," he warned.

So we left it. Paris and Tours.

Well, I took it up with the foreman next morning, and he thought it was a swell idea, too. Yeah, he could spare me. Easy. Sure, go on to Europe, he says. Take the next boat. "A rich lady's payin' all the bills? Oh, my, oh, my," he says. "Sure, sure!"

You could see he didn't believe me, and by that time I hardly believed it myself. Me, with all my experience with life, and all my sorrows and troubles—which ain't either here nor there now—I ought to have guessed it was too perfect. But oh, no, I'm dumb. I'm trusting. I see no dark cloud anywheres. But the last

Monday in July here comes one. It's Pete, with a face as black as a division inspector's heart.

"The game's up," he says.

It's terrible to see a strong man as depressed as Pete was.

"She's hired a guide," he tells me, sobbing. "We're to get guided through Europe."

"Guide?" I ask. "What for?"

"So's we don't get lost," he tells me, and lets out a moan. "We made a mistake, Beans. She didn't want the trip balanced. She wants to go with somebody who knows all about Europe, as well as Paris and Tours. There are ten in the party."

"Ten?" I say, still cheerful. "Why, that's a lucky number! I won a turkey one Thanksgiving on a number ten. There'll be some other good fellows!"

"Fellows?" Pete sighs. "All women. Eight women and us."

Well, that was that. What would you have done? Gone, or stayed home on W. P. A.?

We met the guide in New York. It was too late then to start screaming, but you could see right away, if he had his way, it wouldn't be no rough party. No use describing him. Nobody'd believe it. Maybe he was a war baby. Or maybe his papa was slipping around on flat feet about the time Pete and I give Paris our first approving wink. Nice? There wasn't an old lady in the party as nice as that young man. And to send you into a pleasant cold sweat in the middle of the night, he was a beamer. That's the word, yes, sir. His name was Humphrey Puck. He was a professor of something or other at some college and he carried a steamer rug to keep drafts off. This was his second trip over in two years and his first personally conducted party. His own words.

"We might take a chance, Pete," I said at last. "Even if there was seven Pucks, Paris would still be Paris."

"That's true, Beans," Pete says, wiping his eyes. "And Tours will still be good old Tours."

The trip over was pleasant enough, to coin a phrase. We had our own table. Oh, sure, personally conducted parties always stay together. Everywhere. Keep up morale! Only at ours, instead of the captain sitting at the head, or P. M. G. Farley or Shirley Temple, or anybody inspiring like that, here is young Mr. Puck, making interesting conversation, and the rest of us getting a word in now and then, mostly then. The ladies resemble Pete's Aunt Emma. All collecting ammunition to put down a barrage next winter at the club. Highbrow, you bet, till you could scream. But there is one girl that don't belong. Any more than Pete and I do.

Her name is Mary Bromley . . . yeah, sure, it's a swell name . . . and she's even younger than Professor Puck, and

she has blue eyes with chunks of ice in 'em. Her hair's yellow, the color of a second lieutenant's mustache, but it looks real attractive on her. And like Peter she has an aunt. Miss Abigail Hutchins Bromley. And Abigail Hutchins Bromley isn't any more like her niece Mary than Aunt Emma is like Pete. Aunt Abigail has the gushes, and what's more, soon as one of us sidles up to Mary . . . one of Pete or me, that is . . . down comes Abigail like a ton of coal between us, and Mary looks coldly out across the water, leaving Aunt Abigail to do her worst.

Which was very bad.

It's the contrast, I guess. Sure, Pete fell. Nothing so funny about that. The icier that girl acted, the better he'd like it, which is the law of something or other.

"She'll have me snowbound before we get to Liverpool," Pete'd say, and then he'd go on and rave. Serious? You bet he was. Both of us. Only what chance would a pair of crazy dopes like us have with a swell girl like Mary Bromley? All we was to her was just a couple of old gents about ready for the Supreme Court.

Twenty years is a long time. If our poor brains didn't savvy it before, Pete and me, we learned it in our feet soon as we landed. Did Puck run his party around? Oh, no! No more than if we was six-day bike racers!

We walked, see? To museums. And art galleries. And cathedrals. And madonnas. We'd spent two years in France, Pete and me, without a single madonna crossing our path, but now . . .

"Be careful to get the correct name for this one, Peter, dear," his Aunt Em'd say, and hand him a floozy gold pencil. "Write it down for me, at once, in my notebook, that's a dear boy. Now how exactly do you spell it, Professor Puck? Listen, Peterkins! The professor is *so* brilliant! If you two boys listen, you will learn *so* much!"

"Yeh?" Pete says.

He's running so fast he can keep only one corner of the rug around him

"Particularly from his manners," Mary Bromley always adds. "Professor Puck has such perfect manners."

Why don't we jump the party? How can we, when Puck carries the tickets? Besides, we want to go back to Tours. And Paris.

Oh, no, we didn't do just La Belle France. Club program or no club program. We had five days for England and one for Scotland and then no-stop right across France to Italy. We did Athens and Vienna and a music festival somewhere in Germany, and Holland for souvenir shoes, and Brussels, and finally, with two weeks left, we do get back for a quick glimpse of the sister republic. Two weeks, yes, sir, and it'd have been even less than that, only Professor Puck cuts Spain off his list because of what Peter's Aunt Em calls "the unpleasantness." She's a marvel, that woman, for using nice words for nasty things.

Well, like I say, we get back into France and we walk and the professor talks and we listen. Until one day we hear him telling Mary Bromley:

"There's no use visiting the back areas, as the Army called them, for nothing happened there . . ."

"No?" Pete puts in.

"However," the professor goes on, beaming at Mary, "on our trip down the Loire, we shall put off at Tours, where the





"Sit down, Beans, and tell me about apaches"

Americans had their . . . oh, a kind of grocery department."

"Service of Supply," Mary corrects him, as if she knew all about it. "You're quite right, Professor Puck, the back areas aren't worth much time. But I would like a minute or two to see the front. I know a man who used to be a major in artillery. You remember George Fredericks, Aunt Abigail? He was right in the thick of it on the Marne."

Well, maybe that wasn't sort of tough on us two old men who'd been cooks and sergeants in S. O. S., but we got tough skins, so Pete just speaks up snappy:

"I'm certainly going to spend more than a minute in Tours!"

"The cathedral in Tours is very fine," Humphrey admits, out the confines of his steamer rug. "But the museum is only second class. We will have three hours in the town between trains. That will be ample."

"Three hours?" Pete yells. "Why, you can't see Tours in three days! It's got the most interesting people in the world everybody'll tell you. They speak the best French . . ."

"The best?" asks Puck, hitching up his eyebrows.

"They have the only pronunciation that's good enough for me to understand, anyway," Pete tells him, all excited. "It was in Tours that . . . oh, what's her name . . . was born."

"A saint?" Humphrey asks, trying to be helpful.

"Mademoiselle," I assist, "Mademoiselle from Armentieres . . ."

"I don't know her," Puck admits for once. He looks a little stove-in, but even so he manages a sweet little extra beam. "Usually the people of Tours are considered very commercial minded. There's little romance in the town."

"Huh!" Pete snorts, and refuses to see how his Aunt Em is looking at him. "Did you ever really see a Tours apache, professor?"

"The apaches live in Paris," Puck explains, very patient. "They are gangsters, no longer even picturesque. There fortunately is no other group like them outside of Paris."

"You don't say!" Pete swells up his chest the way nobody but an old busted sergeant knows how. "When I lived in Tours those many years ago," he says, "I learned a lot that you never will find in a guide book, professor. Tours is where the real apaches are born. When they get so old and stiff like Beans and me that they got to settle down, they move to Paris and live quiet."

Puck won't say anything after that, but Mary suddenly warms up. She wants to know all about apaches. Of course Pete wants to tell her. And did he tell? Oh, brother! Even Abigail quit gushing to listen, and as for Aunt Emma, she nearly passed out. To think that her poor nephew, so young at the time, too, had suffered such terrible experiences! The war really had been dreadful. No wonder poor Peter's hair was getting thin!

Oh, sure, mister, there may be apaches in Tours. I never heard anybody deny it except Puck, and I wouldn't believe him on anything. No, I never happened to meet any myself. That I remember, that is. I got a poor memory, though, and maybe sometime at M'sieur Juste's . . .

Who's he? Oh, just one of the big reasons for going back to Tours. M'sieur Juste owns the café, down the first street from the cathedral, and he has two daughters, and also a black mustache, that looks like he trimmed it with a sword . . . at least it looks like that twenty years ago . . . and his chin could have broke ground in Vermont. His right eye was small and wet and always looking for trouble, and his left eye was gone and he wore a patch over it. I think to myself, now, how maybe both eyes are gone by this time. In fact, he may even be dead.

Of course Pete wasn't mentioning Juste. Nothing so private as that. He was just telling the party how apaches in Tours one night tried to take six weeks' pay from him and me, and how we fought them off singlehanded, and how good they were at throwing a knife at sixty paces in the (Continued on page 38)

By
FLETCHER
PRATT

G-2 STUFF

"HELLO," said the field telephone. "Is this Red Bone-head? Old Dreadnaught is sending you six jars of marmalade. In the pantry at forty-two o'clock."

The major of a front-line battalion put down the instrument and turned to his ranking captain. "We attack at six in the morning," he remarked. "Three companies are coming up from the divisional reserve to support us."

Along the lines where armies coiled in ribbons of fire from Flanders to the Mediterranean such incidents were repeated a thousand times in 1918; and with variations they were repeated in the air, under the ground and across the gray seas where destroyers hunted submarines and submarines their prey. For the World War, more than any other in history, was a struggle of secret communications. Every battle, every great event between 1914 and 1918 was preceded by a battle of brains in the Black Chambers where the code experts toiled. There was hardly any physical clash that was not to some extent determined by what happened in this secret combat, though the two were often far separated in time and space.

An American woman cabled her husband in China of the birth of a son—and the cruiser *Emden* stood out to sweep the seas. When a Russian officer forgot to put a package in a dispatch case the battles of Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes were decided and an empire crashed down. A German sailor fell overboard near Riga—and British battle cruisers came sheering through the mists of Heligoland to bury four of the Kaiser's ships under a rain of shells. Because a prisoner at Brownsville, Texas, drew geometrical figures on the wall, Hindu revolutionaries were arrested in Bombay. A fat man in Berlin made mathematical computations and a Russian battleship blew up at Sevastopol. A New York cotton-broker gathered scraps of paper in a forest—and the submarine campaign collapsed; and when a tired radio operator in the 42d Division twirled his controls the German 1918 drive was done for.

For in any war two things are of the first importance to the high command—to learn what the enemy is going to do, and to convey its own orders to subordi-

nates without letting the enemy know what they are. In attaining the first aim all the World War powers scored frequent and spectacular successes; in the second, all frequently failed. The years just preceding the war saw enormous development of the art of cryptography, especi-

ally in France and Austria. But most of the attention was concentrated on breaking down the enemy's secret codes and ciphers, with the result that all countries entered the great conflict well prepared to take the offensive against the enemy's secrets, but ill prepared to defend their own.

This was brought startlingly to the attention of the general staffs by two events at the very beginning of the war, one on land, the other on water, in both of which the Russians were concerned. The offensive into East Prussia with which they opened the fighting was con-



ducted by two armies, one sweeping in from the east under General Rennenkampf, one up through Poland from the south under General Samsonov. The country is wild, with few roads, almost no telephones or telegraph lines. The only way the two commanders could get messages to each other before day after tomorrow was by field radio. The Russians did not

lack for radio men or equipment, and the war department experts in St. Petersburg had prepared a new and very secret code for just such an emergency, then locked it away in a safe, with the idea that the less anyone knew about it the better. When war was declared the new code was brought out and given to General Jilinsky, the high army commander.

The story is that Jilinsky went on a series of champagne parties, but that story comes from the Bolsheviks and is possibly not true. Whatever the reason, it seems clear that he glanced over the new code and sent the only copy off to General Rennenkampf. German radio listeners on the front began to pick up signals from Rennenkampf in the new

kampf to Samsonov, saying the former was halting for three days to let his supply trains catch up. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had just taken command of the German troops. At first they could not believe that the Russians were thus publicly announcing their intentions, and thought it must be some deep-laid plan of deception. But airplane and cavalry scouts confirmed the fact that Rennenkampf's movement had stopped. Next morning the German divisions were on the march toward that crushing victory at Tannenberg which was the beginning of the end for Russia.

Yet while Russian soldiers were dying by the thousands in the Polish flats, Russian sailors were winning a victory in the

agency. They were handed to a sailor, with instructions to get into a boat just lowering, pull out into deep water and throw them over. Just as the man was about to leave the ship a swell struck her; he pitched over and down, the code-books in his arms.

An hour later the Russians were alongside and a Russian captain was dredging round the wreck of the cruiser for bodies. One came up with two lead-bound book covers clutched in his dead arms. It did not take the Russians long to know what that meant; they sent down divers and soon had the priceless code. They rushed it to England, and while Hindenburg's armies were following up Tannenberg by a blow against Rennenkampf, British



Because a prisoner in jail at Brownsville, Texas, drew geometrical designs on the wall, Hindu revolutionaries were arrested in Bombay

code, of which they could make nothing; then a long string of messages from Samsonov in the old peace-time code, which they knew all about; and finally plaintive requests from each Russian general that the other send his messages in uncoded text as the code he was using could not be understood.

The date was August 20, 1914; and the next thing was a message from Rennen-

secret war of codes that was to have an effect reaching fully as far. The Germans opened the war with intensive naval activity. Their light cruiser *Magdeburg*, raiding up the Baltic, ran onto a rock in a fog. It lifted to show a heavy swell running and Russian fleet drawing near. The *Magdeburg's* case was clearly hopeless, and her captain sent for the secret code-books which are kept aboard every warship, bound in lead, so they may be thrown into the sea in just such an emer-

battle cruisers were dashing to victory in the bight of Heligoland. By the Germans' own code messages they knew where and how many of the Teuton ships they would meet. They sank four, and it was not till after the second British victory off the Dogger Bank that the Germans realized their code had been lost.

Thus it soon became evident to all the powers that sending radio messages in the best codes then available was as good as giving them to the enemy. When trench warfare began, tapped wires and eavesdropping made even telephone conversations insecure; and the best codes could not be (Continued on page 46)

Illustration by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

A.E.F. Husbands, 1939 Style

By
**JEANNE
MONTÉGUT
RAGNER**

PARIS.

SO MANY eulogies of soldier husbands by French war brides have appeared in this magazine (I perpetrated several of them myself) that the time has come to paint a more accurate picture, to fill in the blacks and the grays; in brief, to tell the other sides (plural, please!) of the story. Such will be the purpose of this informal narrative. Incidentally, we hope to describe what almost twenty years of living in France have done, or have not done, to the Yanks who stayed behind when Pershing & Co. returned to the United States in 1919. We shall mingle lights with shadows, praise with criticism, in a friendly endeavor to set down the truth as we see it.

To start with, we can do no better than to paraphrase the rollicking chorus from *H.M.S. Pinafore* and make it read:

But, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
They remain A-mer-i-can!

Yes! the boys in olive drab of 1917-18-19 who still linger in France remain decidedly American. They have not gone native. France has not been able to de-Americanize them. True, they are reasonably pro-French, with discretion and moderation, but their Americanism gets sterner with the years. Not a single one of them, as far as I have been able to ascertain, has foresworn his American citizenship. The temptations to do so were alluring; there were definite advantages, for many, to be had by acquiring French nationality; there were inconveniences, vexations and difficulties which could thus be avoided. That is why, paraphrasing William S. Gilbert once again:

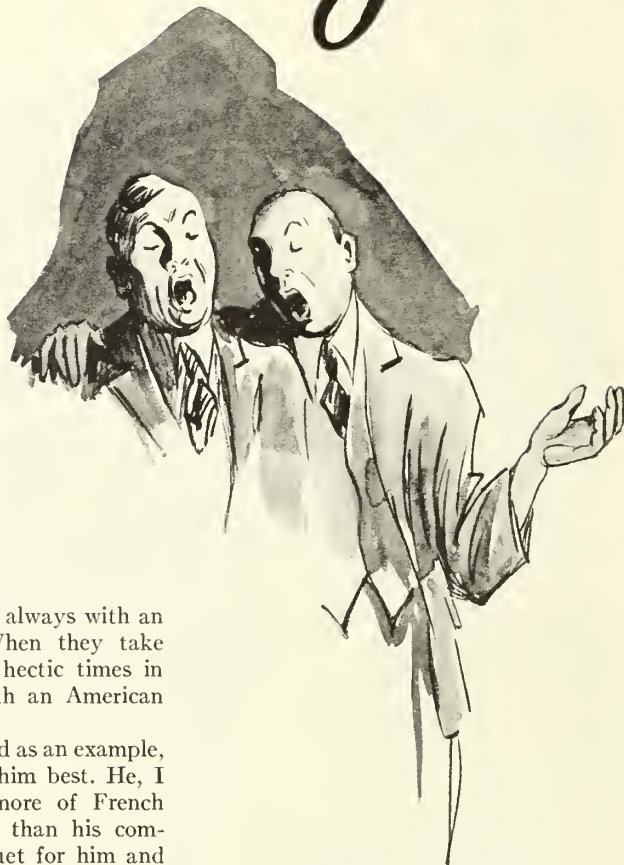
It's greatly to their credit,
They remain A-mer-i-can!

Perhaps the Victorian librettist was ironical, but there is no irony in my para-

phrase of his verse. For I greatly admire the tenacity and constancy with which the "orphans" of the A. E. F. have remained faithful to Uncle Sam.

Nor are they, like a disappearing and pernicious type of expatriate, Americans on their passports only. They are American in their corpuscles and brain cells, in action and aspiration, in their mental and moral habits. Their tastes, whether gastronomic, artistic or literary, originated in Georgia, Iowa, and Oregon. When they measure men or events, it is always with an American yardstick. When they take the temperature of the hectic times in which we live, it is with an American thermometer.

Let me cite my husband as an example, simply because I know him best. He, I believe, has absorbed more of French culture and atmosphere than his comrades; I imply no bouquet for him and no brickbats for the others; I merely state what I consider to be a fact. But even he, despite some French traits he has acquired, is as American as the B.V. D.'s he wears, as the mince pie I serve him on festive occasions, as the radio programs he picks up from America, and the Hollywood films he takes me to see every week. His Americanism is perpetual and ubiquitous, and when something goes wrong in France, whether it be politics, sociology, economics or what-not, he invariably remarks, "We handle this matter better in America . . . Why, in the United States, we would do thus and so." For every French problem he has an American solution continually on tap (and some of them, I confess, are really good.) Anyhow, between you and me, it's somewhat of a bore to have the gospel of Americanism served to you daily for breakfast, lunch and dinner. And yet, I prefer my husband to remain perfervidly American rather than to become a phony Frenchman.



**They sang everything
they could think of**

If I drag my husband into the picture, it is not to give him free publicity; it is simply because he is so typical of the 1483 A.E.F. soldiers who are still "over." That figure should be accurate; it is from the Veterans Administration in Washington and is based on the number of bonus checks mailed to France. Doubtless there are exceptions (I haven't bumped into them), but I incline to the conviction that ninety-nine percent of these men are as American, as patriotic, as John W. Everyman, of Hometown, U. S. A., and some of them more so. For absence has strengthened their allegiance, and their Americanism, clarified and conditioned by their stay in Paris, Bordeaux or elsewhere, is as heartfelt as it ever was. Certainly, this Americanism differs in form, in context, in expression with each individual veteran, but I can assure you that

it is the authentic article, even though its post office address be "Somewhere in France."

Every man, I wager, as he journeys toward the eternal mystery, carries with him a bundle of fond, piquant and sacred memories, and our A. E. F. exiles are no exception to this rule. Their mental baggage is a hodge-podge of curious and contrasting things, all of them *Made in America*. It includes such diverse, typical aspects of Americanism as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, angel food and devil cake, St. Valentine's Day, *Old Kentucky Home* and *Integer Vitae* (for the college boys). Other ingredients: Sunday School picnics, Whitman's *O Captain, My Captain*, commencement day, Thanksgiving football *et al.*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with Eliza crossing on the ice. Still others: Christmas carols, corn-roasts, Hallowe'en, *Let Me Live in a House by the Side of the Road* and—last but not least—*I was Seeing Nellie Home*, both the song and the fact. This enumeration proves, I insist, that if Comrade Exile wanted to forget America (and he decidedly doesn't!) his neurones wouldn't permit him to do so. Naturally, as the years have passed, he has added a few French memories to his stock, such as *foie gras*, midnight mass, Reveillon parties, champagne, family councils, godmothers and first communion (for his sons and daughters) but the American ones still dominate the scene.

Frenchmen are fond of saying that



Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Ragner,
with Jacqueline and Helène



America is a young nation; a rose and a thorn are concealed within this remark. At all events, we French wives know that it is true as regards our A.E.F. husbands, and we are glad of it. For they are youthful in their enthusiasms, in their incorrigible optimism, in their taste for juvenile pleasantries, in their playful escapades and in their happy, boisterous

laughter. Their birth certificates (if they have any; here America could learn something from France) indicate that they are in their early forties; this means they are mature men; they are fathers, most of them; they have tasted the bitterness of deception and disappointment, and still, they have not become blasé, cynical or dispirited. And that, to my mind, is honest-to-goodness youth! Despite setbacks and defeats and tragedies (for some of them), they retain their invincible faith in "this sorry scheme of things," in themselves and—in others.

It is, indeed, the royal privilege of youth to have confidence in the other fellow. Here, I shall tell the amazing, almost unbelievable tale of two youthful A.E.F. veterans (youthful, despite their two score years and a few more), who have pushed this confidence to the extent of letting go of \$25,000 between them. In other words, they have lent this sum, perhaps more, to their less fortunate comrades; some of it has been paid back; quite a bit of it never will be. It is dangerous to lend money in Paris; the loan has a lamentable tendency of turning into an outright gift; further, the borrower may skip off next week to America by the *Normandie* or the *Manhattan*; it has happened before; I'm afraid it will happen again.

Obviously, these two benevolent Legionnaires are well-to-do; they must be, to engage in such a perilous pastime. How much they have lost, they alone know, and they won't tell. Their names? Every member of *Paris Post* will easily identify them, so I need not be specific. Further, I have no desire to increase their loan, rather gift, business; it is sufficiently great and philanthropic already. In addition, my husband may lose his job some day; he too may have to apply for a loan, and I don't want the cash-box to be empty when (Continued on page 44)

ROUGE BOUQUET:

From the DEPTHS

By
A. S. HELMER

Illustration by V. E. Pyles

FOREWORD

AS HIS famous "Trees" elevated Joyce Kilmer from minor to major poet, so did "Rouge Bouquet" mark his place as America's most enduring poet of the World War. Here for the first time is the story of Rouge Bouquet from the standpoint of those who were trapped in the dugout. A. S. Helmer, the author, is one of three who survived.

Touched by the tragic entombment of 21 men of the 165th—"Fighting Sixty-ninth"—Regiment of the Rainbow Division when a mineurwerfer shell scored a direct hit above a strong-point dugout, on March 7, 1918, the late beloved Chaplain Father Francis P. Duffy first read the poem publicly at regimental services the following St. Patrick's Day, ten days later. Its beauty of sentiment brought tears to the hard-boiled doughboy audience. Soon the entire A. E. F. was acclaiming its poignant lines after reporter Alexander Woollcott of the Stars and Stripes staff retrieved a copy for the soldiers' newspaper.

Kilmer, who at the time described himself as "a vagrant verse maker who is trying to be a soldier," died gallantly in action less than four months later.

ECO. of the 165th Infantry had moved into the front lines on that fateful dawn of March 7, 1918, with the eagerness of a 250-man football team forming for the

kickoff. Rookies still, at last we were in the war in the face of the enemy, and to a man we wanted action. "Come out and fight, you yellow so-and-so's" was our unspoken challenge. Soon rifles were cracking along the whole Rouge Bouquet front, and almost without exception at imagined targets in the wide expanse of No Man's Land. There was only occasional reply from enemy sharp-shooters, because the Germans had seen similar incomprehensible antics from the same

position for more than a week, ever since our first battalion had moved in with the French "for instruction and experience" on the night of February 27-28.

It was such high-spirited offensiveness on the part of all American troops in line for the first time that drove our veteran Allies to distraction. The French knew what would result.

Those of the 54 men in the first platoon not struggling for a position on firing steps were, in supreme ignorance, carrying up from forward dugouts verminous, moldy bed-sacks and spreading them to





I seized my rifle and scrambled in mad flight from that chamber of awful horror

air, wholly innocent of the fine targets they were signaling to enemy observers. Our position was an elevated one by reason of the trenches running across the slope of Rocroi Hill. Later we were to know that both the trench system and dugouts originally had been built by the Germans. They had been abandoned to the French when the enemy straightened their lines for tactical advantage. As a result, the dugouts faced the German lines on the open forward slope of Rocroi instead of the comparative safety of the reverse slope. Entrances were in direct line with enemy guns. So of course Fritz knew the exact range of those dugouts, even if our good-housekeeping detail had not unintentionally signaled dugout positions as they spread their bedsacks to air.

Yes, in eight days the over-eager Yanks had transformed the normal quiet of the Luneville Sector into a buzzing hornet's nest of offensive activity. Even so it may be questioned whether the Germans were prepared to *strafe* their tormentors immediately. What brought on retaliatory

fire was a barrage from our own guns intended to clear No Man's Land of any concealed snipers. I can't see that there was any need for it other than that the artillery probably needed practice in laying down a protective barrage. The barrage began at 3 in the afternoon and lasted twenty or thirty minutes. It offered a thrilling spectacle and none of us missed the show. Do not think I was disdainful of the many mistakes being made that day. As foolishly eager as the next man, I was but twenty years old, and believe it or not, a corporal, although a Lutheran in that famous Irish-American outfit.

Suddenly, as the last American salvo screamed overhead to send up earth geysers near the German lines, the enemy answer came—a screaming, banging hurricane of hardware, high explosives, shrapnel, *minenwerfer*. Yet the storm of projectiles did not drive us to cover. Fascinated, almost to a man we watched the rain of potential death, some running to examine new shell craters as they were made, suggesting puppy retrievers chasing firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

Our distracted platoon commander, Lieutenant John A. Norman, with some assistance from non-coms had to order most of us to take cover. I can still see his lean, six-foot figure, with his Lincoln-esque features marked with concern, as he herded his fighting game-cocks towards shelter, pausing only to post necessary details to stand to on the alert should an attack follow the *strafing*.

Of two dugouts on the forward slope of Rocroi Hill I was quartered in the larger one. I was not the only one to dawdle getting there. There was so much to see. Among other things that claimed my interest was the bark of our own one-pounder in position higher up on the hill. Even as I watched, a huge black missile wailed overhead, and striking squarely on the position, burst with an awful detonation. A giant black mushroom rose on the spot, seemed to hold its shape for seconds, then cascaded earthward. Earth rained about me as a tree and the gun plummeted. Sixteen years later at a banquet with Arthur Cunningham, late Comptroller of (Continued on page 48)

SHARP CRACKS *of a* RIFLE

THE sharp crack of a rifle rang out, and another redskin bit the dust."

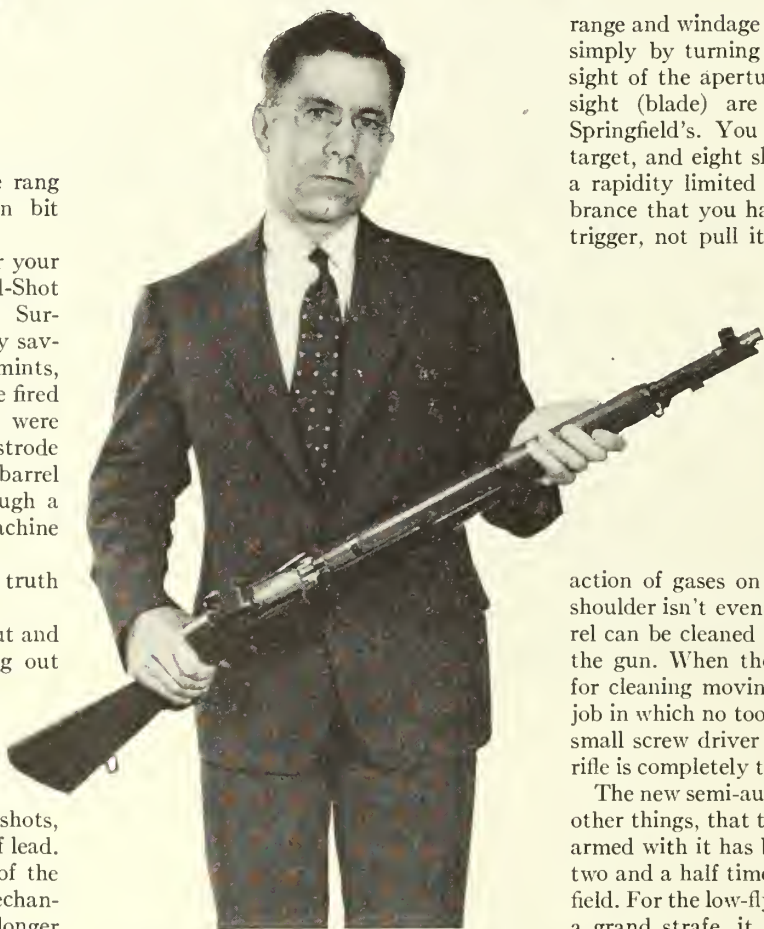
It was, if you remember your dime novels, none other than Dead-Shot Dick, the intrepid frontiersman. Surrounded and assailed on all sides by savages, renegades, and assorted varmints, he stood at bay. Again and again he fired until the bodies of his enemies were heaped high about him. Then he strode off, lovingly patting the still warm barrel of his trusty long rifle which, though a flintlock, had performed like a machine gun.

Now I'll tell one, and this one is truth and stranger than fiction.

The sharp crack of a rifle rings out and keeps on ringing until it has rung out thirty times in one minute. This, mind you, is a rifle, a shoulder arm, not a machine gun. It is being fired by an average rifleman; an expert can fire as high as 80 rounds a minute. These are aimed shots, too, and no indiscriminate stream of lead. Each round is fired by a squeeze of the trigger. The gun's gas-operated mechanism ejects, reloads and cocks. No longer must a hand leave stock and trigger to pull back the bolt. The rifleman pauses only to slip an eight-round clip into the magazine, open in readiness after the firing of the last shot.

That, ex-soldiers (of the Legion) is our Army's new semi-automatic rifle, officially designated U. S. Rifle, Calibre .30, M-1; called the Garand rifle after its inventor, and indicated by severe field tests to be a combat weapon par excellence.

The new rifle, manufactured at Springfield Armory, already has been issued to certain units. Eventually it will replace the 1903 Model Springfield which was our stand-by in the World War. Provision for mass production of the semi-automatic, in the event of an emergency, is being made. Under the Educational Orders Program of the Industrial Mobilization Plan, approved by Congress, the Ordnance Department may arrange with civilian manufacturers to make the tools, dies, jigs, and fixtures which, along with



John C. Garand and his (and Uncle Sam's) new semi-automatic rifle—virtually a machine gun at the doughboy's shoulder

regular plant equipment, will permit the production of military supplies; small quantities may be turned out at these plants as training for the filling of war orders. Assistant Secretary of War Louis A. Johnson, National Commander of the Legion in 1932-33, has placed the new rifle first on the list of items to be manufactured on the program. Production of the rifle continues under a regular schedule at Springfield Armory.

What a gun it is! Its nine-pound weight swings easily through the manual of arms. The eight-round clip—three more shots than we used to have in the locker—slips in easily and the breech clicks closed. The old range scale slide has vanished;

range and windage adjustments are made simply by turning two knobs. The rear sight of the aperture type and the front sight (blade) are superior to the old Springfield's. You draw a bead on the target, and eight shots crash into it with a rapidity limited only by your remembrance that you had better squeeze that trigger, not pull it, or hear plenty from

the sergeant. You cease firing with a feeling of utter amazement. You are still on the target. The upward jerk of the muzzle was small. And where was the mule-kick of the old Springfield? Recoil checked by the

action of gases on the mechanism, your shoulder isn't even faintly sore. The barrel can be cleaned without disassembling the gun. When the rifle is disassembled for cleaning moving parts, it is a simple job in which no tools are required. Only a small screw driver is necessary when the rifle is completely taken down.

The new semi-automatic means, among other things, that the fire power of troops armed with it has been increased at least two and a half times over the old Springfield. For the low-flying aviator, bound for a grand strafe, it is a keep-off-the-grass sign with heavy penalties attached. Now if a plane swoops toward infantry on the road, troops are trained to scatter and kneel on the right leg with the left extending straight out to the front. No set-up machine gun could swing onto the target as quickly as these riflemen do. They do not aim directly at the plane but "lead" it as a hunter does a duck. Then they fire a clip from their semi-automatics as fast as they can pull the trigger. A plane which passes through such a sheaf of converging fire without being pretty badly riddled will be lucky.

It marks a new epoch for the rifleman, does this remarkable gun. The man behind it knows the same sense of superior power over a soldier with a bolt-action rifle as percussion-fire displayed over the old flintlock, as the breech-loader demonstrated over the muzzle-loader, as the single-shooter yielded to the repeating rifle.

For thirty years the Ordnance Depart-

ment had been striving to obtain a satisfactory semi-automatic rifle. Specifications demanded that it must fire the .30 service cartridge, be self-loading, weigh not over 9½ pounds, be well-balanced and adapted to shoulder firing; that its magazine be fed from a clip; that it be impossible to fire more than one shot with each squeeze of the trigger; that it be simple, strong, compact and easy to manufacture; that it be able to meet such combat conditions as being dragged along while a doughboy squirmed on his belly through the mud. Outside of those trifling requirements the Ordnance asked practically nothing.

Various models, domestic and foreign, were submitted, tested and found wanting in one important essential or another. Keen-minded designers vainly tackled this tough problem. Rejection followed on rejection. The Ordnance had an efficient, accurate rifle in the 1903 Springfield and was sticking to it until convinced that something better could be made.

The brain which would find the answer to this long-unsolvable problem belongs to a former French Canadian who in 1900 when he was twelve years old, crossed

mechanisms whenever he got the chance, seeking always to embody in them human intelligence and dexterity and not infrequently succeeding.

Came the World War, and it struck John Garand that machine guns were playing a large part in the hostilities. Whereupon he designed one. The Navy Board thought well enough of it to turn him over to the Bureau of Standards which gave him facilities for making a model. Then the Ordnance Department asked for him, not to go on with machine

Springfield Armory became familiar with his short but sturdy figure, his face alight with intelligence, his French-Canadian accent which never has been completely naturalized as he has been. His family saw him now and then and he took some exercise by figure-skating (once he flooded a room in his house to make himself a handy rink), but most of his time was devoted to the shops. For eighteen years his waking hours were rife with rifles, and to get to sleep at night he must have counted sheep jumping, not over a fence, but over a stand of semi-automatics.

Inevitably, there was many a failure and disappointment, although the models Garand made showed steady progress. Then some requirement or difficulty, which had not been thought of before, would crop up, and the inventor would have to go back and start over. The Ordnance is a skeptical and exacting outfit, as indeed it has to be, but it gave Garand a break for those eighteen years in spite of doubts and a can't-be-done chorus.

Problems of stress and of function under high temperatures were solved.



The corporal shows the boys how the new weapon works. From a photograph taken at Fort Benning, Georgia, quarters of the Army's Infantry School and Department of Experiment

the border into the U. S. A. and got work as a doffer in a cotton mill. John C. Garand, being an ambitious lad, obtained permission to work in the machine shop during his rest periods. There he invented an improvement of the tool-maker's jack and an automatic painting machine for bobbins. He moved on to welding and machine tool shops, tinkering with

gun development but to complete evolution of that weapon into a shoulder arm.

When tool-makers told him that the spring he wanted could not be made, Garand found the proper steel himself and devised a method for drawing the wire in accordance with his design. With the necessity of mass production in mind, he designed machines to manufacture certain of the rifle's seventy-two component parts. (Continued on page 34)

By
LOUIS
CAPRON

'GATOR

"YOU tickle an alligator?" I demanded, incredulity sticking out all over me like porcupine quills.

"Tha's right!" Sam insisted stoutly. "Tha's way Seminoles been kill 'gators since long time. You tickle 'em. Then you talk to 'em. Then you shoot 'em."

"I would sure love to witness it!" I said with awe in my heart.

WHEN we got to the little ditch where the Indians put in for the Everglades, we found Sam's dugout canoe was gone.

"I think boys borrow it," Sam said with perfect good nature.

"You think!" I said. "Don't they ask you?"

was the last choice. It looked like the final gasp of Happy Hooligan's pants. Large hunks of it were gone, and it was patched with pieces of boxes, fibre chair seats, hunks of leather and flattened out tin cans. Down the center ran a half-inch crack through which the water bubbled up like the fountain of Pyrene. For the next two days we bailed consistently every half hour we were afloat—or we wouldn't have been afloat.



Brother, was that a picture! I could just see Sam Tommie, who tips the scale at two hundred pounds of solid muscle, confronting a very glum, nine-foot alligator. I could see his expert fingers gently titillating its armored ribs. I could see its horrific jaws spread in an amiable grin. I had heard of crocodile tears. Now I could imagine an alligator's laughter. I could hear Sam's cajoling voice insinuating itself into the alligator's confidence. And then, its suspicions lulled, its friendship gained, I could hear the "boom!" of the traitorous gun, and the over-trustful reptile sinking happily into its eternal rest.

Just why it should be necessary to have the animal so all-fired good-natured at its demise didn't appear; and . . .

"Sam," I said, "how do you get the alligator in the first place?"

"You tickle him," Sam repeated. "Then you talk to him. Then you shoot him."

Sam, the Seminole, holding the tickler, which flushes the alligator out of his cave and so to his downfall

"No," said Sam simply. "I think we take Charlie Tigertail's."

But when he parted the bushes where Charlie Tigertail's canoe should have been, someone had borrowed that too. We finally took Willie Billie's. It was the last one. The next party that came along—even if it was Charlie Tigertail or Willie Billie—would have to wade and swim.

It was the law of the jungle. The first man there took the best canoe—whether it was his or not—or even whether he owned a canoe or not. The later arrivals just postponed their trips, even if they were owners of the missing canoes. And there were apparently no hard feelings whatever.

It was evident why Willie Billie's canoe

"How old is this canoe, Sam?" I asked.

"'Bout fifty years," Sam said. But I doubt it. No canoe could have disintegrated to that extent in only fifty years. It was much more likely to have been the ultimate residuum of Noah, his Ark.

We loaded our duffle—stilting it well above the probable internal waterline—and pushed out through the little stub canal that was our approach to the Everglades.

Unless you have been there, the picture you have of the Everglades is probably wrong, and the geographies haven't helped you any. Enormous cypress trees hung with Spanish moss and with their boles sunk in a black morass are part of Big Cypress and Okefenokee swamps. They have nothing to do with the Everglades. This is a great marsh—for the most part open water, starred with water lilies, misty with clumps of saw grass, and islanded here and there with laurel-grown hammocks. It is filled with ineffable

TICKLING

peace. There is no sound except the occasional hoarse cry of a crane winging lazily overhead. There is no motion except the swirl of a gar or turtle that goes down ahead of the dugout, or the flutter of a flock of white herons in the distance, glittering like sheets of paper thrown up into the sunlight.

We mooned on the hammock where, in the old days, the Indians, bound for civilization to trade, lightened their canoes for the last pull across the shallow, weedgrown edge of the marsh. We poled across limitless waters. We wound through grass-grown prairies where the water trail was a narrow ditch. And suddenly we were in a river flowing through the marsh, with water weeds waving in the current below us and unbelievably enormous bass and catfish darting like shadows beneath the dugout.

"There it be!" said Sam suddenly, and the dugout swung against a low bank topped with grass and laurel brush. "Fresh 'gator sign!"

At one point the grass was matted, and the face of the bank below had been troweled down by a heavy body.

"That he cave," Sam said, and pointed with his pole to a dark shadow of emptiness at one point in the bank. "I think he be there. Pretty quick we know."

He pulled the canoe out, swung it head on to the bank and drove it ashore. Then he brought his pole inboard and reached

for a long, steel rod, about five-eighths of an inch thick and ten feet long.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That my 'gator stick," Sam explained. "I keep pokin' that down through the ground—feel for that 'gator. Pretty quick, if he there, I touch him. He wiggle. Then I know it's 'gator in that cave."

"And when does the tickling start?" I asked.

"Tha's ticklin'," Sam explained. "I keep touchin' him through the ground with this ticklin' stick. He thinks tha's 'nother 'gator in he's cave. Then I talk to him and he be sure."

"Oh, yes," I said. "That talking business! Do alligators come naturally by a knowledge of Seminole?"

"I don't talk Seminole," Sam protested indignantly. "Talk 'gator. Like this—Ngh - ngh - ngh - ngh - onk - onk - onk - onk - onk!"

"Oh," I said.

"You watch that hole," Sam instructed me. "That you job. Pretty soon that 'gator get scared and come out if he there. He think me great, big 'gator. You ain't see him—jes' bubbles. You watch where them bubbles go."

"O. K.," I agreed.

Sam climbed on the bank with his 'gator rod and pushed back into the bushes. In a second he was out of sight, and there was only the rhythmic rise and fall of the rod as Sam felt for the 'gator



Mr. Alligator has just gone from here to there

in the back reaches of its cave. Suddenly his face peered over the bushes.

"He there," he said. "Now you watch good."

I hooked my eyes on that cave mouth. I could hear Sam rustling and snapping through the bushes. I could hear the "pluck" as the 'gator rod broke through the surface mat of roots and vegetation. And Sam was carrying on an animated monologue in his best 'gator—"Ngh - ngh - ngh - ngh - onk - onk - onk - onk - onk!"

Suddenly the croaking stopped.

"There he come!" shouted Sam.

And, suddenly, a line of bubbles curved out from the mouth of the cave. It was like water beginning to simmer.

"Where he go?" Sam demanded.

"Downstream!" I pointed.

The 'gator rod clattered in the dugout, and in one sweep Sam seized the pole and shoved the canoe out into the current.

There was no longer any doubt about where the alligator was. Below us the stream shallowed and was grown full of lily pads. The 'gator shot out onto these like a surf board and was scrambling down them with the speed of an express train. He seemed convinced that the grandpappy of all 'gators had been nosing him with cannibalistic intent. And we surged behind him as Sam shot the canoe forward—throwing his two hundred pounds in rapid heaves against the pole.

The 'gator dropped off the lily pads into a deep pool and disappeared. Sam



Skinning the victim. The hide brings forty-five cents a foot at the tannery

dragged the canoe to a stop and we hung floating at the head of the pool while Sam examined the situation.

"He prob'ly got other cave here," Sam assured me. His eye roved along the bank. "There it is!" he said and pointed.

There was no 'gator sign this time, but, once my attention was called to it, it was not hard to pick out the characteristic nick in the bank.

Again Sam climbed on shore and the

Suddenly he brought up the gun. I followed the line of its rusty barrel with my eyes. Two high-arched eyes had pushed up through the lily pads at the lower end of the pool.

There was a click—followed by a fluent stream of choice English and Seminole expletives. The shell hadn't exploded—but Sam had.

He threw out the shell and tried another. Another click! He pulled back

"'Gator ain't touch no Indian," Sam assured me. "He ain't touch no white man. But nigger—he better look out."

"Like dark meat, do they, Sam?" I wise-cracked.

"Yes, *sir*," Sam emphasized. "Especially pickaninnies! Like them most better than dog."

"Darkie veal," I suggested.

"Now crocodiles, they is different," Sam explained. "They go after anybody."



On hammocks such as this the Seminoles have for years left their surplus stores and duffle

previous performance was repeated. Again the bubbles streaked out from the cave, and Sam came back to the canoe, grunting his monologue.

"Downstream!" I pointed.

Sam shook his head.

"He ain't go far this time," he said, and picked up his gun.

The gun deserves a paragraph of its own. Sam hadn't been able to get ammunition for his 30-30 in the nearby small town, so he had left his rifle as security in Darktown, and had borrowed a colored acquaintance's 16-gauge wreck. It was spavined, ring-boned, rusty and its butt had been mended with string. And its performance, as you shall shortly see, perfectly matched its appearance.

Sam stood in the canoe facing downstream, his gun ready—that is, as ready as it ever would be—and talked threateningly in 'gator.

"Ngh - ngh - ngh - ngh!" he said. "Onk - onk - onk - onk!" And then he stopped and the silence of the 'Glades settled down.

"Now he come up," he said in a low voice, "to see where I gone."

the hammer and tried again. And suddenly came the delayed "BOOM!" and the buck shot scattered harmlessly two feet over the 'gator's head. The eyes disappeared. There was movement among the lily pads. And all was still.

The 'gator was back in his cave. Once more Sam coaxed and cajoled and tickled and threatened. This time, when he came out, the line of bubbles lost themselves in the upper part of the pool. Sam finally found him under an enormous piece of float. Float, I must tell you, occurs when high water lifts a piece of the 'glades soil—which, after all, is nothing but decaying vegetation. In this case, the whole of the bottom of the upper part of the pool hung in mid water, about eighteen inches under the surface. And the 'gator was under it.

Out Sam splashed in his bare feet—offering that large alligator a succulent meal of Seminole toes—while I gasped at his temerity.

But they down in the Keys. Ain't none around here."

"Oh," I said. But I had no desire to test his theories by joining the wading party.

Suddenly Sam stiffened and switched to alligator.

"Ngh - ngh - ngh - ngh - onk - onk - onk - onk!" he said. And then, between croaks to me, "You see him? He gone."

"No," I said, and Sam began feeling frantically all over the float.

"There he goes!" I called, as the familiar line of bubbles arched out from the very head of the float and formed a graceful figure S into the cave.

We ferried back to the cave.

This time Sam got him out in next to no time and the bubbles lost themselves on the other side of the pool. Sam stopped talking and two insolent eyes pushed up and leered at us. The gun began to click, but the 'gator had time to take a long and leisurely breath and get back under the float before the shell finally gave up and exploded. It began to look as though the only way we were going to kill that 'gator with that gun was to hit with the butt, and then (Continued on page 44)

THE BRIDGES CASE

IN ITS clearly-worded, clearly-expressed demands for the immediate trial and deportation of Harry Bridges, The American Legion, as National Commander Chadwick has plainly stated, is not concerned with Bridges' part in the labor movement. The Legion would have the same view of Bridges, and make the same demands, in whatever sphere of activity he might have been placed by design or accident.

National Commander Chadwick has been careful to stress the point that proof of formal association with the Communist Party is not essential in the Bridges case, nor, for that matter, would it be essential in any comparable case. "That he is charged with being a Communist is not, or should not be, the determinative issue," the National Commander declares. "It is in our opinion only an incidental fact to be considered with all others in arriving at a final and just conclusion upon the facts when publicly produced."

Bridges' connection with the Communists is a very close one, though he has denied he is a member of the party. Witnesses before the Dies Committee testified that he was a member under an assumed name. Whether he is a card-carrying member of the Communist Party is not important, as he admittedly subscribes to their beliefs in their entirety. Here is a revealing dispatch from the home city of National Commander Chadwick which the *New York Times* published on May 14, 1937:

Seattle—Coming out flatly for communism, Harry Bridges of San Francisco, Pacific Coast President of the International Longshoremen's Association, told the University of Washington Luncheon Club this afternoon that the time is coming when there will be no employing class in the United States.

"We take the stand that we as workers have nothing in common with the employers," he said. "We subscribe to the belief that if the employer is not in business his products still will be necessary and we still will be providing them when there is no employing class."

In a long and considered letter to the Secretary of Labor under date of November 24th which has been carried widely in the press, the National Commander made the point that Bridges "has twice filed declaration of intention to become an American citizen, and has twice evidenced such lack of interest in American citizenship as to permit his filing to expire. It is my thought that no presumptions or favors should be indulged with regard to one who, by his conduct, has demonstrated such a lack of interest in so important a privilege as American citizenship." The American Legion would feel the same way about Harry Bridges if he were a farmer, a shipowner, a tenor, or even a member of that "employing class" whose dirge he is so continually singing.

But the fact that Bridges is none of these, the fact that instead he is what he is, the stormy petrel of Pacific Coast shipping, is a factor in the situation that has ramifications affecting vitally two major concerns of The American Legion. The National Commander made this clear in an interview published late in November in the *New York Sun*:

"Living in Seattle, I have a deep civic interest in the fact that the last five years have seen coastwise shipping practically wiped into the sea. I have seen both operators and employes disturbed, disrupted and disheartened. The entire situation is important in two phases, international peace and the maintenance of our merchant marine as an arm of our national defense."

The American Legion's fight against Harry Bridges is only a single phase of its fight against every ism that is not Americanism. The Legion is no more and no less opposed to Communism than it is to Fascism and Nazism. As always it is for the historic democracy under which this nation has grown to greatness. If it seems to single out Harry Bridges for particular and individual attention, that is only because Bridges happens to exemplify a crucial and special situation.

FINAL NOTICE—\$1500 PRIZE CONTEST FOR LEGIONNAIRES

THE American Legion Magazine announces a \$1500 prize contest for short stories and articles to be conducted exclusively among men and women, members of The American Legion, who have not previously been represented in these pages. (This restriction does not, however, exclude those who won prizes in any of the three Big Moments contests which this magazine has conducted in previous years, or those whose contributions have appeared in *Keeping Step* or *Then and Now*.)

Short stories and articles will be handled on an identical basis. The only distinction between the two to be observed will be that of length; the limit on stories is 3000 words, on articles, 2000 words. Submit as many of either as you like.

For the best short story or article submitted in this contest (which will close January 16, 1939) this magazine will pay \$500. For the next best, \$300. For the next best, \$200. For the five next best, \$100 each.

This magazine reserves the right to buy any other manuscripts which are suitable for publication, at \$50 each.

This is the final notice. Remember the deadline—manuscripts must reach the editorial offices of the magazine not later than Monday, January 16, 1939.

The editors of the magazine will be the judges in this contest, and their decision will be final. Employees of the magazine and of the national Legion organization will not be eligible to compete.

It will be impossible for the staff to enter into correspondence regarding manuscripts entered in the contest.

Address your contribution PRIZE CONTEST, THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, 15 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

To Set before a RING

by
Ernest Paynter

DURING '17 and '18, the allied countries' headquarters in London had to do considerable entertaining, with diplomats, high Army and Navy officers, newspaper men and other distinguished personages as guests. Occasionally royalty attended these functions.

Someone suggested there be served, as a side dish only, an item of food so typical of the nation whose representative was giving the particular dinner as to be almost unobtainable in other countries.

A few days before Admiral Sims gave his dinner-party, he sent orders to Queenstown, Ireland, for John Baker, Chief Commissary Steward of the U.S.S. *Mcville*, to come to London, bringing with him all ingredients for Boston baked beans and brown bread. The admiral had been shipmates with John, had eaten of his proudest confection, and knew he was picking a winner.

JOHN was the best sea-going cook I've ever been shipmates with. A native of Boston, Boston baked beans was his specialty, preparing them almost a sacrament. While theoretically his duties had to do with food for enlisted men only, still he was a gentleman, and if he liked an officer, that officer could be pretty certain of finding his Sunday morning breakfast graced by a liberal helping of John's masterpiece.

Navy beans came in eleven-gallon bags; salt pork in eighty-pound kegs; molasses, black, pungent, heavy, in fifteen-gallon kegs. As it was impracticable to transport these items from Queenstown to London in broken packages, John took the original containers, almost enough to feed a ship's company.

He expected to be absent five or six days. He was gone fifteen, returning with a letter from Admiral Sims stating that "Chief Commissary Steward John Baker,

U. S. Navy, is hereby granted ten days' leave of absence, with traveling time, for exceptional ability in the performance of his duties."

In relating to me his adventures, John may have spread a little extra sail, but I learned that the main facts about the dinner were about as he told them.

Anyway, it's his yarn and, as he said, he'll bring it alongside;



Illustration by William Heaslip

whether or not you hoist it aboard, that's strictly up to you.

WHEN—John explained to me over numerous glasses of stout in Queenstown's Rob Roy Bar—I dropped anchor at U. S. Naval Headquarters in Grosvenor Gardens, London, and discharged my cargo from the truck an aide to Admiral Sims had sent to meet me, the sidewalk looked as if I was opening up a private Navy Yard. That's how much stuff I carried with me for the blowout.

A French chef had been signed on to get ready the main portion of the big feed. He treated me like a bucko mate treats a stowaway. That is, he tried to, but seeing I'd hoisted a lot of Scotch, I told him where to stow his jaw-tackle, using good old-fashioned sailor talk.

Beans, baked Boston style, was the admiral's idea of a good first course

The kitchen was big enough for a battleship's galley, with three ranges and plenty of cooking-gear. The Froggie had all hands thinking he was the niftiest thing ever walked up a gangplank, and that if the blowout was to come off shipshape, he had to run it from stem to stern and truck to keel. He was fat as a porpoise, with curly black hair and a shiny moustache that I could have chinned myself on.

I hit there the day before the party, and he was steaming around like a gunner's mate getting set for target practice. When he talked to me, he sputtered and spit till I thought I was standing on the foc'sle of a destroyer that had just shipped a heavy sea. He said we'd have fifty guests, and that King George V of England was to be the top-side one.

"Oo-la-la!" he chirped, dancing like a speedboat swinging alongside the flagship. "I—I, Victor Martell—I am choose for to prepare a mos' magneef banquet tomorrow for ze king. Nevaire do I so grand".

He pointed to about a million pots, pans, and kettles. "Tomorrow, earlee, we begin."

That was O. K. for him, but you can't bake beans in twelve hours, not for a King to eat, so I got under way. Seeing there was plenty of cooking-gear, I figured I might as well use everything I'd brought from Queenstown. Man dear, I went through that bag of beans like a skipper picking a volunteer crew for a life-saving job at sea, giving the deep-six to all spotted and busted ones. Besides, sometimes a little rock got mixed in with them, and I didn't want a King to shipwreck a tooth on my chow.

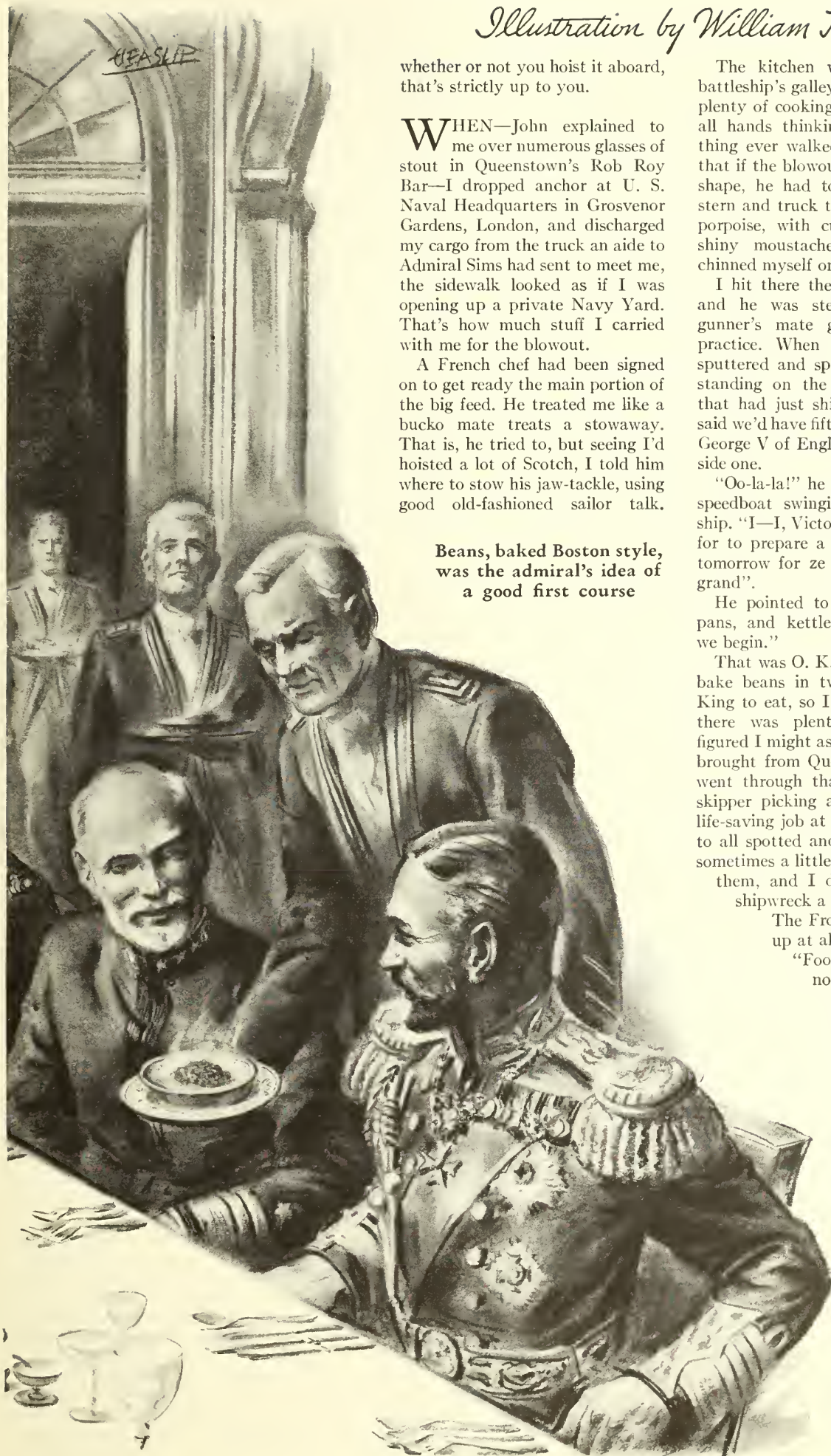
The Frog couldn't see my line-up at all. "Pah!" he screamed.

"Food for ze peegs. Eet ees not of a sence. Ze King, ze othaire gues', zey take jus' one leetle bite, no more. I—I, Victor Martell—I make ze real feas'."

"O. K., Froggie," I told him. "You steer your course, and I'll steer mine."

I always keep a pretty steady look-out when I'm baking beans, and this time I nursed them like a skipper does his first ship. Soaked them all day, then poured off that water, and put them with the salt pork and a couple of onions in the baking-pots. Then a little mus-

(Cont. on page 34)



★ ★ ★

EARLY in February, 1910, special orders from Chaumont directed that Sgt. 1Cl. Price, Med. Det., be detached from duty with Base Hospital No. 10, U. S. A., A. E. F., and returned to the United States for discharge as a casual. The orders said nothing about Madelon, which is why this tale happens to be written.

I had just completed twenty-one months' service with the Philadelphia Hospital Unit—one of the six medical outfits which a generous War Department loaned to the British in April, 1917, and promptly forgot. Since May, 1917, we had been operating a 3000-bed British hospital, known to the War Office as No. 16 (Philadelphia, U. S. A.) General Hospital at Le Tréport, a little fishing village on the chalk cliffs overlooking the Channel between Dieppe and Abbeville. Shortly after the Armistice, I had acquired Madelon—what we would call today a Belgian Shepherd pup; what we then called a police dog and what the Frog I bought her from called a chien loup. Madelon was nearly two months old, mostly legs, tail and ears, when I fought my way into a third-class compartment on the Nord railway for Paris. Four French civilians, a Belgian and a corporal of the South African Highlanders were already in the compartment but they made room for Madelon and me.

On our arrival at the Gare du Nord in

Paris, the R. T. O. told me that the next train for Brest left at 11:05 and that I'd better be on it. So Madelon and I walked to the *Stars and Stripes* office in the Rue Taitbout hoping to borrow a few francs from my old friend, Private Hudson R. (Boz) Hawley, known to readers of this magazine as the Saluting Demon. The Great Man was away on a tour of the S. O. S. with General Harbord, so after Madelon had left her calling card in the *Stars and Stripes* lobby, we headed back for the Gare Montparnasse. At this point Madelon established one of her first claims to fame. She became the first dog ever to travel on the Paris Metro. The hag at the ticket taker's gate tried to stop us. As I charged past her with the pup in my arms, she raised her hands and let them fall in a hopeless gesture.



Demobilizing



"Tiens, alors!" she shouted, "les chiens américains passent partout!"

As I think that line over, it seems more and more like a nasty crack.

The trip from Paris to Brest was uneventful and it was not until a doughboy at the Brest station warned me, that I realized what troubles were ahead.

"Buddy," he said, "dogs ain't permitted in the embarkation camps and that pup's going to cause you plenty trouble."

Forthwith I put Madelon in a musette bag slung over my shoulder and headed for Fort Bougon, where I was promptly attached to a casual company awaiting embarkation for the States. Fort Bougon was built, I believe, by Vauban for Louis

XIV, and the wooden huts of the A. E. F. had been built in the moats. There was a cold February rain falling most of the time I was there and Smedley Butler was raising particular hell with the gang that was waiting to go home.

My new buddies in the casual company gave Madelon a rousing welcome. She was a friendly, likeable little tyke and soon wagged her way into their affections. Within an hour after I was installed in the forty-bunk hut, I was told that Smedley Butler was enforcing the Articles of War, plus a few flourishes of his own, clear up to the hilt. Detachments marching to the docks to go home had been given an about face in sight of the transports and rerouted to the Army of Occu-



MADOLON

By E. Melville Price

"Stand aside there, you men!" roared Smedley. "Looks to me as if you're hiding something"

pation for failing to salute and for uncomplimentary remarks like "Who won the War?" Whole outfits had been punished severely because one man had some equipment with him that wasn't issue. I wanted to get home as quick as the next man and I didn't want to gum things for the rest of the gang, so I called them together and offered to get rid of the purp. "Nothin' doin'," they said. "We like that pooch and she goes home with us!"

The entire thirty-nine went to work to see that Madelon was guarded from prying eyes. I shuffled through the mess line six times a day—three times for my own chow and three times for the pup's. I had a lower in the hut and kept Madelon chained to the bunk. I trained her to lie

under it except when I called her and inside of a week she was so fat she could hardly squeeze her way out. Darkness fell early in those raw February days and there were many hours out of the twenty-four when I could take her for a walk under cover of night. All went pretty well until half way through the second week a corporal of Engineers came busting into the hut short of breath but full of bad news.

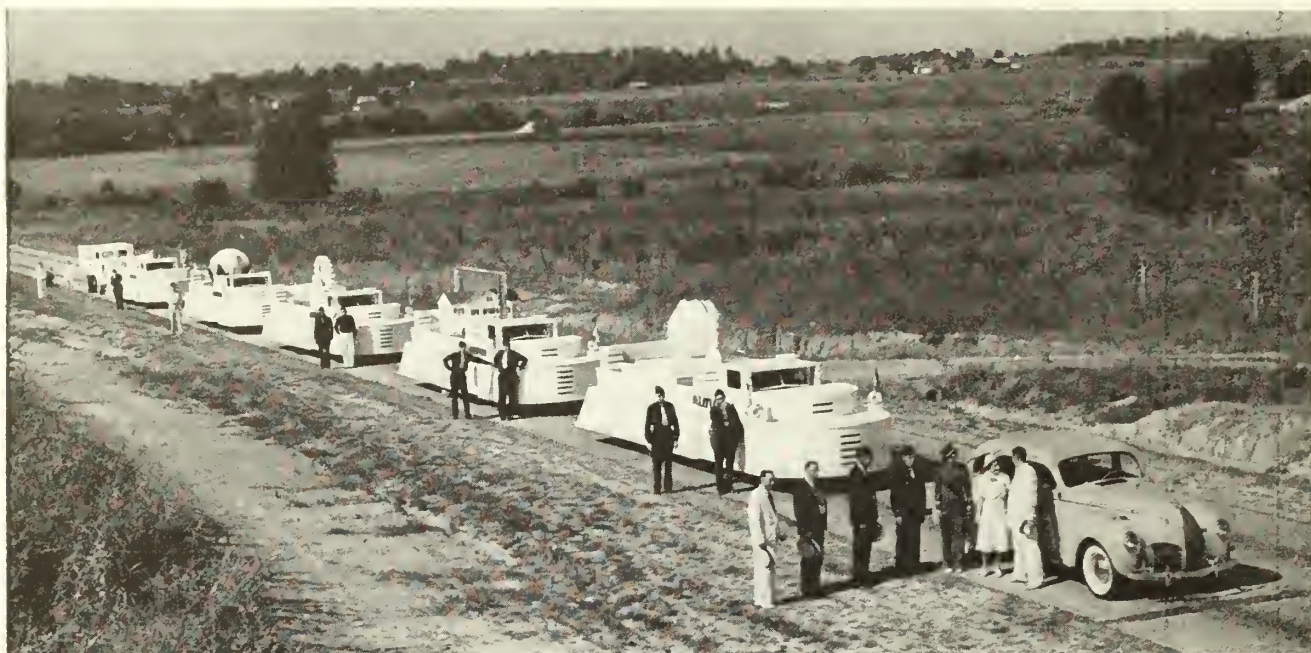
"Wow!" he gasped, "I was over to the Y hut and whaddye know? Black Jack is goin' to inspect day after tomorrow."

This turned out to be all too true. About that time complaints had been made in Congress over the conditions in the camps at Brest. A Congressional

committee of investigation was on the sea at that very moment. That was why Smedley had had us carrying and laying duckboards around Fort Bougon and why Pershing was coming down to raise his own particular Cain before the politicians got there. Even worse, Pershing was to inspect quarters at 11 A.M. and Smedley was going to inspect them at 9, just to make sure that the Old Man would find everything jake.

The Dog Walkers Detachment didn't think that sounded so hot. A police dog puppy wasn't exactly issue. A dog under a bunk wouldn't exactly please Old Gimlet Eye and if Black Jack saw him, we'd probably get twenty years in Leavenworth—if indeed we ever saw the States. Once more there was a council of War and this time the vote was, "T'hell with Smedley! (Continued on page 36)

MISSISSIPPI'S



The 1938 caravan leaving Jackson enroute to Los Angeles. Within 43 days it visited 540 towns in sixteen States and had rolled 5,750 miles



FOR two years Mississippi has led the Legion; led it in membership accomplishment and has had the honor of leading the last two great National Convention parades—New York and Los Angeles. The Department is determined to hold the post of honor in 1939 and makes no secret of that determination—Chicago is the objective, with a parade greater than that which last fall took its way from Jackson to the western sea, a caravan distinctly Mississippian which, forty-three days enroute, told the people of sixteen States more than they had ever known of the Cotton and Magnolia State.

Mississippi is proud of its Legion, and its Legion is proud to do it honor. Department Commander Wilkes Davis has issued a broad challenge to the Legion at large to compete for tops in 1939, confident that the fine spirit aroused in his Department will not fail to overcome any competition. In issuing the challenge, Department Commander Davis tells the secret, which is no secret, of holding first place, and tells of the trip to Los Angeles. Here is his challenge and report:

"From way down in the deep South, in Mississippi—land of romance and chivalry, home of cotton and the magnolias—came the delegation to the 1938 American Legion National Convention at Los Angeles, California, to lead the national parade. Now back in the home sector, members of the Mississippi Department of The American Legion once more renew their challenge to the rest of the nation—the challenge of leadership

in the 1939 membership contest. Originator of the idea of 'the world's longest parade to the world's largest parade' in 1937 and earning the honor of leading the parade in New York, and again in 1938 in Los Angeles, Mississippi now, more than ever before, is determined to head the list again in 1939.

"How Mississippi has maintained her position of leadership for two consecutive years is no secret. There has been no hocus-pocus, no legerdemain. The Department's success has come from the honest effort and active coöperation of every Legionnaire in the State. It was about two years ago that the fires of enthusiasm were kindled to their present height. For some time it had been apparent that many men eligible for membership had not joined the Legion. The annual membership drives usually were

successful, but, generally speaking, interest in securing new members waned soon after the close of each campaign and it was not until a vigorous campaign under the able leadership of Past Department Commanders Charlie Sims and Adrian Boyd stirred up such interest that the Department moved from a lowly position to the place at the top. As though awakening from a state of lethargy every Post in the Department swung into action with the vim of 1917 and 1918, not only enlisting the eligibles in their respective areas but arousing a sound, healthy interest among the non-eligibles.

"Having won the honor to lead the parade in New York in 1937, five large floats were built from funds raised by popular subscription under the leadership of Governor Hugh L. White. These floats formed the main unit of a caravan which was on continuous parade for almost a month, visiting nearly all of the States east of the Mississippi River, the New England States excepted. Mississippi's Legion bands, 40 and 8 locomotives and delegations from the several Posts joined the caravan in New York to make the State's section of the parade one of the most brilliant in the line of march as it



43 DAY PARADE

IT'S the everlasting team-work that does it, says Department Commander Wilkes Davis—that team-work has kept the Magnolia State at the head of the parade for two years, with a strong start for the third. Smart and spunky, Ole Miss challenges the Legion world to take the title away from her

passed up Fifth Avenue led by Miss Elaine Russell, of Vicksburg. The caravan to New York was captained by W. S. Shipman, then Department Vice Commander.

"When Mississippi won the national contest and the honor of leading the parade for the second consecutive year, the State Legislature appropriated the sum of \$25,000 for an even more elaborate caravan than that which took New York by storm in 1937. Headed by a giant float symbolic of peace, the 1938 caravan set out on its good-will journey on August 21st under the leadership of Walter Lee, of Jackson, Grand Chef de Gare Passé of the Grande Voiture of Mississippi, and during the forty-three day parade to

Los Angeles and back to the home station 540 towns and cities in sixteen States of the West and Middle West were visited. The total length of the journey was 5,750 miles, breaking all previous records for the 'world's longest parade,' including Mississippi's own record set in 1937.

"Accompanying the caravan as personal representative of Governor Hugh L. White was Miss Elaine Russell, who conveyed the Governor's greetings to high Legion dignitaries and Governors of States included in the itinerary. Miss Russell, enthroned as 'Queen of Peace,' at the head of the Mississippi delegation in the annual review at Los Angeles, achieved the distinction of leading the national parade for two consecutive years.

"Among the most popular of the Mississippi floats which, aside from the peace float depicted the story of the State in agriculture, recreation, history and industry, was the recreation float which was constructed in the form of a sail boat, and was guided by Misses Anna Ruth Green, of Hattiesburg, and Carol Fox, of Jackson.

"The history float, a replica of 'Rosalie,' State shrine of the Daughters of the Revolution, attracted attention and much favorable comment. 'Rosalie,' rich in history and tradition, stands on the banks of the Mississippi at Natchez. Riding on this float and representing the womanhood of the Old South was beautiful, blonde Betty Crawley, of Kosciusko, daughter of National Vice Commander James T. Crawley.

"Mississippi musicians were also in the limelight at Los Angeles. Miss Annie Laurie Bishop, vivacious Tupelo drum major, was accorded new laurels for her splendid performance in the great spectacle. Newcomers to the National Convention, Misses Bobbie Vaughn and Boots Thompson attracted much attention as

twirling drum majors of the Pike County Legion Band, which was led by Robert Revere, of McComb, descendant of the famous Paul Revere. The spearhead of the musical organizations in the Mississippi section was the Drum and Bugle Corps sent by Henry H. Graves Post, of Jackson—an all-Legion corps led by Miss Brownie Burton as drum major. And, let it be said, this is one of the oldest of the all-Legion outfits and is a veteran in National Convention parades. This fine corps has attended twelve National Conventions and at Los Angeles, as usual, acquitted itself with honor.

"Naturally the State has received much favorable publicity through the position of leadership achieved by its Legion during the past two years. Magnolia State Legionnaires are as one in their determination to defend and hold their title as member-



Just one of the reasons for visiting Mississippi. The agricultural float with its cargo of fair lassies and cotton bolls



ship champions and here and now toss out a clear-cut challenge to the rest of the nation to attempt to better our record. *Mississippi will lead again in 1939!*"

Flame of Peace

AN IMPRESSIVE ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, just as the evening shades were falling on November 3d, marked the beginning of the Legion's official observance of the twentieth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. There at America's shrine a torch sent by the Government of France, symbolic of ideals of peace and amity held in common by the people of France and America, was lighted and started on its journey to Paris for participation in the national celebration. There at the Arc de Triomphe, where the French Unknown Soldier lies buried, the torch from America was joined by similar torches of living flame lighted at shrines in all the French provinces and from allied countries.

The ceremony at Arlington was under the direction of Horace W. Lineburg, Past Department Commander of the District of Columbia and Chairman of the National Pilgrimage Committee. With the National Guard of Honor drawn up before the Tomb, the official party, composed of Chairman Lineburg, Department Commander James T. Brady, Department Chaplain H. E. Snyder, and Lieutenant Colonel Emmanuel Lombard, military attaché to the French Embassy at Washington, passed down through the

Lighting the torch at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington which was sent to France for the Armistice ceremony at the Tomb of the French Unknown

open ranks to the face of the Tomb where the ceremony was concluded.

The torch with its living flame was delivered to Past National Commander Edward E. Spafford on board the *S. S. Queen Mary* and was by him, as the official representative of The American Legion and American veterans, carried to France, where at the Forest of Compiègne, scene of the signing of the Armis-

tice, the first service was held, then to the ceremonies at the Arc de Triomphe on November 11th. The selection of Past National Commander Spafford as the official representative was considered particularly appropriate, since he was selected as the Legion's national leader at the Convention held in Paris in 1927.

The ceremony and the symbolism of the lighted torches had a special significance in France, where it is the custom to preserve an eternal flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and at local shrines dedicated to the dead of the World War. The flambeaux in the cities of France were lighted on November 1st, the eve of All Souls Day, from the



Forges Post, Chicago, presents a fever therapy cabinet to Hines Hospital. Back of the cabinet stand the Illinois Department Commander and eight Past Department Commanders



flames at these shrines. All torches were taken to Compiègne for an elaborate ceremony, at the conclusion of which the flaming torches were extinguished.

They were then taken to the Arc de Triomphe and relighted from the eternal flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and on the following day were returned to the various French cities and provinces where, with impressive ceremonies, the torches relighted the flames burning at the local shrines. In that manner the eternal flame at the Tomb of the French Unknown leaped distances to burn now at most of the French monuments to the World War dead. The assembled torches at the Paris ceremony symbolized a mass flame of hope for eternal peace.

Hospital Help

REPORTS of successfully accomplished hospital assistance programs continue to come to the desk of the Step-Keeper, a certain testimonial of the devotion of the organization to a beneficial and constructive community service program. From a hasty survey it would seem that artificial respiratory equipment—iron lungs—are greatest in number, but the program is by no means confined to that appliance. There are reports of oxygen tents, fever therapy cabinets, and other special equipment, all given freely for the general use of those who are in need of the special type of treatment. That there is a need for more iron lungs can be seen from the statement of an expert who says there is but one respirator for every 400,000 people in the United States. Just recently The American Legion



Passing the skunk—Membership Chairman Forrest Morris of Harry B. Dorst Post, McPherson, Kansas, hands Sylvester, "the efficiency expert," to Ray Graves

Auxiliary of the Department of Minnesota, through its Department President, Mrs. James V. O'Neill, presented an adult respirator to the University of Minnesota Hospital in memory of Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, first President of the Department of Minnesota. The respirator will be used within the hospital, but will be sent to any part of Minnesota upon call, if not currently in use. The purchase of the equipment was made possible by funds derived from the poppy workroom activity.

Chalk up another completed program for the Third District of the Department of Illinois, in the South Side area of Chicago. It has purchased an iron lung at a cost of \$2,450 which has been placed in service for the benefit of all adult and child residents in its area. In addition to the purchase, Dr. Frank J. Norton, Medical Officer of the Third District, gave a series of lessons to Legionnaire first aid experts, instructing them in the uses of the iron lung and method of operation.

Funds for purchase of the iron lung equipment were provided by the thirty-two Posts in the District through a committee headed by Nate T. Feldt, immediate Past Commander of the Third District.

Another presentation made recently by a Chicago Post was considered of such importance that the ceremony was attended by Department Commander Edward Clamage and eight Past Department Commanders. That was the occasion when Forges Post and its Auxiliary gave a fever therapy cabinet to Edward Hines Memorial Hospital, a Government Facility for the care and treatment of veterans of the World War. The presentation was made to Colonel Hugh Scott, Manager of the Facility.

Forges Post seems to have entered a new field in the hospital assistance program in the

(Continued on page 50)

IN MEMORIAM

COLONEL HENRY DICKINSON LINDSLEY, Past National Commander and distinguished leader of THE AMERICAN LEGION, peacefully passed from his life at his home at Dallas, Texas, on November 18th. With his passing finis was written to a notable career of more than forty years in active public life as a public official and administrator, financier, in general business, as an army officer, and as a leader in public affairs. His business interests were widespread and were distributed over a number of States. As an inveterate world-traveler, he enjoyed a circle of friends worldwide in scope. Many there are who sincerely mourn the death of this distinguished leader, great American and steadfast friend.

Colonel Lindsley once described himself as a Tennessean by birth and a Texan by adoption; to which his one-time biographer added "a citizen of the world by inclination and force of habit." He was born at Nashville on February 29, 1872, and received his education in private schools. He began his business career at Dallas, Texas, where he was admitted to the bar in 1893, but soon afterward entered the field of



HENRY DICKINSON LINDSLEY

banking and real estate. Elected Mayor of Dallas in 1915, he resigned in 1917 and joined the A.E.F. in December, 1917, serving with the rank of colonel and being in charge of government insurance overseas. In December, 1918, he returned to the United States to become Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. After his return to private life he became president of Henry D. Lindsley & Company, investment bankers, with the home office in New York City.

When the delegates from all the States in the Union, representing the combat forces at home and abroad, came together at St. Louis, on May 8, 1919, with the idea of perfecting the organization of a society of veterans of the World War which had been begun in Paris in March under the tentative name of The American Legion, Colonel Henry Lindsley was a delegate from Texas and became its permanent chairman. Nothing is truer than the words he wrote just before the Minneapolis Convention in 1919: "There is no power that can destroy The American Legion except The American Legion itself. Its usefulness cannot be diminished except through its own acts."

ALWAYS FINISH WHAT YOU START

Those New Year's Resolutions, What We Mean

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

ACCORDING to Post Adjutant Coy R. Ridinger, of Christiansburg, Virginia, a homecoming celebration was held for National Vice Commander Charlie Crush. The town was decorated with flags and banners, and a large crowd had gathered for the festivities. Encountering bands, drum corps and what-nots, a farmer who had driven in from a distant point asked a little colored boy what was going on.

"'Deed, I doan know 'xactly, suh," replied the boy, "but I think they gwine crucify Mr. Charlie Crush."

COMRADE Stephen P. Holt, of Salt Lake City, writes about the time he was awakened from peaceful slumbers in his tent one midnight at Fort Monroe, back in 1918. From a sentry came the challenge: "Halt! Who's there?"

"Officer of the day," was the reply.

There was a long silence, followed by the sound of footsteps stopped by a quick command—"Halt!"—and that unmistakable click of a rifle safety slipped off. The officer in an irritable, nervous voice cried: "Well, well, what do you say now?"

"I can't just remember," replied the sentry. "But, by jingo, you better stand still until I think of it!"

GAIL CUNNINGHAM, of Morgantown, West Virginia, tells about a young reporter on a small paper who was visiting in a large city and had been invited to lunch at the press club by a fellow newspaper man. The out-of-towner was all ears to hear all the talk he could among the writing fraternity. Across his table a man was saying:

"Well, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years of hard, grinding labor to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing."

"Then you gave up, sir?" said the young reporter.

"Oh, no," replied the man. "By that time I was too famous."

FOR the Sign Collectors Club, Legionnaire Julius Festner of Chandler, Arizona, sends this one which he copied from the wall of a restaurant: "We have an agreement with the First National Bank. They serve no sandwiches. We cash no checks."

AND Don Jones, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, sends word that he read the

following sign in front of a tourist home in his State:

CLEAN COMFORTABLE ROOMS
HOME COOKED FOOD
REASONABLE RATS

TWO old timers of the road were discussing the power of will as their muligan simmered over the campfire.

"When I was twenty I made up my mind to get rich," one of them said.

"But you never got rich."

"No. By the time I was twenty-one I decided it was easier to change my mind."

"What are they?"
"Beans!"

D. R. L. R. WOLTERMANN of Newport, Kentucky, writes concerning a little girl who presented herself for enrolment the first day of school. She looked very much like a true daughter of Italy.

"You are an Italian?" asked the teacher.

"No'm," was the reply.

"But wasn't your father born in Italy?"
"Yes'm."

"And wasn't your mother born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, you must be Italian."

"No'm, I'm Irish," she insisted. "I was born in Boston."

A COLLEGE freshman was being severely criticized by his professor.

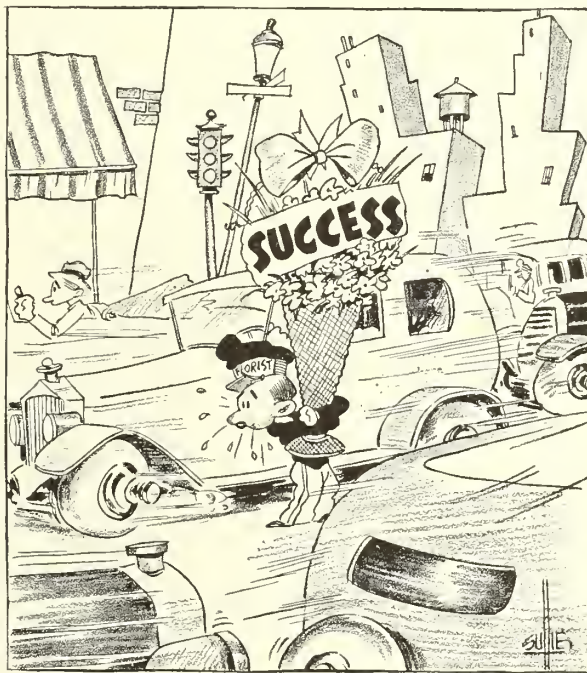
"Your last paper was very difficult to read," said the professor. "Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

"Yes, sir," said the student. "What part didn't you get?"

THE railway coach was crowded and a none too well dressed little boy had taken a seat alongside a very haughty and fashionably dressed woman. The boy was sniffing in a very annoying manner. Finally the woman turned to the boy and asked:

"Have you got a handkerchief?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but I don't lend it to strangers."



A LITTLE girl's brother set a trap to catch birds. The little girl thought it was wrong and cruel. She wept at first, then her mother noticed she became cheerful again, and she was asked the cause.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better boy."

"What else?" asked her mother.

"I prayed that the trap would not catch any birds."

"What else?"

"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces."

COMRADE Ned Prince of Hoosick, New York, is telling one about the rookie passing the mess hall and asking the cook:

"What's on the menu tonight?"

"Oh, we have thousands of things to eat tonight."

BY WAY of reward of faithful political service an ambitious bartender was appointed police magistrate.

"What's the charge against this man?" he asked when the first case was called before him.

"Drunk, your honor."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Sure, sir," said the accused, "I never drink a drop."

"Have a cigar, then," urged his honor as he absent mindedly polished the top of the desk with his handkerchief.

A MOTHER was taking her young son for a ride in the car. On their way home, the lad asked:

"Mother, where are all the infernal idiots?"

"Why, son," she replied, "they only happen to be on the highway when your father is driving."

GENERAL *on*

TO SOME veterans—or should we say most veterans?—the story we are about to ask a member of the Then and Now Gang to tell would appear to be merely a roseate dream of service days, if the story wasn't well supported with the evidence reproduced on this page. To other veterans—and again we might say most veterans—the episode isn't so very unusual, because among the commissioned personnel of the Army and Navy and Marine Corps there were fine fellows as well as punk guys just as there were among the enlisted men.

At any rate, if the talking picture industry had been staging the affair, the theme song might well have been that favorite of 1918-'19, "I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now." Let's get on with the story, which came from Earle R. (the E. P. on the cover is wrong, he says) Poorbaugh, 6915 Harford Road, Baltimore, Maryland, Past Vice Commander of German H. H. Emory Post of his home city, along with a menu of which the cover and a cartoon that appeared therein are shown on this page. We'll let Poorbaugh do the talking:

"I am enclosing a treasured souvenir of an unusual event whose twentieth anniversary could soon be celebrated. It is the only menu of its kind that I have ever seen—a menu for a dinner given for twenty enlisted men at which officers served as K. P.'s. That was one time when the usual sign 'Officers Only' meant nothing at the Officers' Mess at 7 Rue de la Gare, Bar-sur-Aube, France, because that is where this unusual affair was held the night before New Year's Eve—December 30, 1918. Incidentally, I had been promoted from private to sergeant just two days before the dinner.

"Just what the dinner consisted of escapes my mind at this late date, but I seem hazily to remember beans, with beaucoup vin rouge et vin blanc, with perhaps a bottle or two of more potent, more easily forgotten spirits. The principal thing is that the officers of G-2, First Army, actually took on the entire job of K. P. Because I had been with that particular outfit only a short time, I do not remember who these officers were with the exception of a Lieutenant H. B. Forman (or Foreman), who later was to drown en route from New York City to France in command of a Graves Registration detail, when the transport struck an iceberg.

"I am fairly well convinced, however, that Brigadier General Hugh A. Drum, Chief of Staff, First Army, was the head K. P. and I recall a very dignified, elderly colonel who told jokes all through

the evening. The party was a huge success and we all enjoyed yelling 'K. P., more beans,' and having a major or colonel come running to serve us. I only hope that those officers on K. P. will see the menu and this story and do a front and center and report having done first-class K. P. duty on that occasion. It is hoped also that Frank Mitchell and Manning, fellow sergeants of mine, and other men who were guests at the dinner will write to me.

"I think I shall suggest to the War Department that



in the next war—if any—all K. P. duty shall be done by officers. No doubt this movement would receive a great deal of support from ex-bucks, and I am willing to advance the idea that those officers who served on the occasion under discussion would make excellent tutors for future officer K. P.'s.

"A rather devious service course took me to the job with the First Army and, therefore, to that dinner. At the ripe age of sixteen years each, Joe Smith and I enlisted in the Regular Army on October 15, 1916. In the A. E. F. with Company



Pvt. E. P. Poorbaugh~

Here's a believe-it-or-not — a dinner given by the G-2 officers of the First Army for the enlisted men. And the officers served the chow—see the cartoon which illustrated the menu

L, 26th Infantry, First Division, I was wounded on July 21, 1918, at Soissons, hospitalized, assigned to clerical duty at G. H. Q. Wanting to get back to my old outfit, I went A. W. O. L. and got as far as Malancourt in the Meuse-Argonne sector where those zealous war winners, the M. P.'s, picked up my buddy and me. General John L. Hines, a former First Division officer, then Commander of the III Army Corps, pulled some strings and had me assigned to his corps, impressing me into service as his orderly.

"General Hines soon decided, however, that I didn't have that mysterious something of which good orderlies are made and accordingly transferred me to the Corps of Intelligence Police (counter-espionage) of G-2 of his headquarters only a month before the dinner I've been telling about. I served in triage until a week or ten days before that event and was transferred to Bar-sur-Aube and promoted to a sergeantcy. Under those circumstances I had hardly got acquainted with the officers and men when the big

K.P.

affair came off—and that accounts for my failure to remember names.”

This Department hopes, with Comrade Poorbaugh, that the officers and men will make report of their recollections of the dinner. That goes especially for General Hugh A. Drum, who recently took over the command of the Second Corps Area with his headquarters on Governors Island, New York.

WELCOME home! That was the one greeting that all of the two million men in the A. E. F. were looking forward to twenty years ago as soon as the fighting stopped. And while the movement back to the States started promptly enough, it seemed to be a slow-motion project to the men awaiting orders to transfer to embarkation ports and their homeward-bound transports. But the waiting, which for some outfits stretched into months, was more than compensated for by the welcome when the transports pulled into the home ports—whether New York Harbor, Hampton Roads, Virginia, Charleston, South Carolina, Boston, or any other point of debarkation.

Of course, the greatest percentage of



Home again—one of the fleet of welcoming tugs that met all transports coming into the Port of New York. Here was afforded, often, the first glimpse of home folks in late 1918 and during 1919

the A. E. F. came into New York and so had the thrill of being greeted by Liberty, standing on her island in the harbor. Added to that were the welcoming craft, launches and tugs and ferry boats, on which many a returning soldier discovered his dad or mother or other relative who had come on to New York to greet him. One such welcoming craft of the New York Mayor's Committee of Welcome is depicted in the accompanying illustration, which was supplied to this department by Daniel J. Rooney of O'Donnell-Eddy Post of Chicago, Illinois, whose home is at 7040 Prairie Avenue in that midwestern metropolis. And here is Dan's yarn:

"The enclosed picture will bring recollections to tens of thousands of men who came home through the Port of New York, but this particular shot of the welcoming boat should have particular interest for the soldiers and sailors who returned on the U. S. S. *Louisville* on the trip that brought them into New York Harbor on January 7, 1919. That was the date on which the picture was taken.

"For the benefit of the thousands who sailed on the *Louisville*, here is a brief history of that ship compiled by Lieutenant Commander J. C. Car-

stairs and Lieutenant W. H. Missett:

"The U. S. S. *Louisville* was launched at Philadelphia in August, 1805. Taken over as auxiliary cruiser, Spanish-American War in April, 1898. Duty consisted largely of cutting cables near Santiago and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba; was under shell fire for 41 minutes and destroyed guns and signal station at former port. Also captured two ships attempting to run the blockade. Took Spanish Admiral Cervera and all Spanish officers to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, making a record run. Held record of 17 round trips across the Atlantic in one year.

"During World War, was first American ship to leave the United States. On August 12, 1917, was under shell fire from German submarines. Taken over as auxiliary cruiser and transport, April 26, 1918. Was in continuous transatlantic service since the war started and held the record of trips from the start of the war



The above portrait of Jane A. Delano, an outstanding figure in the Army nursing service and a martyr to the World War, now hangs with those of other noted war leaders in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.





in 1914. Was formerly U. S. M. S. *St. Louis* of the American Line."

"I served on the *Louisville* as yeoman 2d class. We had a crew of about 700 men enlisted from practically every State, as well as Filipinos, Cubans and a Japanese. There was also an old retired Navy man who had become a resident of China

but was recalled to the wartime service.

"The ship was nicknamed by the crew, and rightfully so, the '*Lousy-ville*.' It was quite common when picking up a piece of bread at mess to brush off a couple of cockroaches, usually making some amusing remark and then proceeding to eat the bread cheerfully.

"One of our trips which I recall particularly was when we sailed from New York on December 3, 1918, just the day before President Wilson sailed for France on the U. S. S. *George Washington*. The paint had been scraped off the ports and all lights were burning brightly. It was quite a thrill to note other ships that we passed at sea all ablaze with lights.

"We put in at Southampton on December 12th after dark and the next morning when we went on deck we saw nine American dreadnoughts at anchor waiting to steam out to meet the President's ship and its escort. As soon as we arrived at our berth, I made arrangements to visit my brother, Roy, who was a carpenter's mate, 3d class, in the Naval Aviation Base at Eastleigh, England, which is only six or seven miles from Southampton. We had a number of visits while the *Louisville* was at Southampton, including a trip to London, and we also enjoyed Christmas Eve and Christmas Day together.

"One reason for our long lay-over was that we had to wait until the *Mauritania* finished coaling before we could get our coal. After helping coal ship for five days, we sailed on December 28th, having as passengers seventy-three disabled soldiers who were bed cases, 740 other disabled soldiers, 499 sailors returning to the States, of which last group, eight had

been prisoners of war in Germany. Four of the men had been captured by the enemy submarine which had torpedoed and sunk the U. S. S. *Jacob Jones*, December 6, 1917, and the others when the *Campana* was torpedoed. Also about forty Y. M. C. A. secretaries, twenty nurses, Major Page, a son of Ambassador Page, Senator Wadsworth and a Japanese army captain.

"New Year's Eve was celebrated on the high seas. With the band leading, everyone aboard lined up and did a snake dance all over the ship. One night that taps wasn't observed. On January 6th, when we arose, everything was covered with snow, and the next morning we sailed up New York Bay, where we were met by the welcoming fleet and tied up."



What's the joke, buddy? A dough-boy convulses a pair of French apple-women who sold to gobs and soldiers near the docks at Bas-sens, France, not far from Bordeaux. Will the soldier shown please report?

AS SUPERINTENDENT of the Army Nurse Corps, (she was later and up to her untimely death Director of the Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross, through whose direction almost twenty thousand nurses were assigned to the service of her country during the World War) Jane A. Delano stood out as one of the foremost women of her calling. As a tribute to her outstanding service, seven all-nurses' Posts of The American Legion are named, and as a further tribute, the day before last Armistice Day special homage was paid to her when National Commander Chadwick dedicated a memorial portrait.

Winifred S. Nichols, Past Commander of Jane A. Delano Post of Washington, D. C., sent to us the

photographic reproduction of the portrait of Jane A. Delano, shown on the preceding page, with this report:

"After long delay, the portrait of one of the most prominent and most beloved World War nurses was recently presented to the Smithsonian Institution in the Capital City where it joins the company of portraits of such distinguished World War leaders as President Woodrow Wilson, General John J. Pershing, Admiral William S. Sims; Prime Minister David Lloyd George, Admiral Earl Beatty and Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig of Great Britain; Marshal Ferdinand Foch and Marshal Joffre of France; General Armando Diaz of Italy, King Albert of Belgium and others of note.

"The idea of having a portrait of Jane A. Delano painted and hung for posterity was first conceived eight years ago by Marjorie Woodzell, then Commander of Jane A. Delano Post of Washington, the first Nurses' Post organized in The American Legion. A fund, to which contributions were made by the American Nurses Association, the American War Mothers and all Nurses' Posts in the Legion, was started. Among the contributors were Katherine May Joyce Post of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,

Jane A. Delano Post of Cincinnati, Ohio, Jean Templeman Post of St. Paul, Minnesota, Brooklyn (New York) Nurses Post, Jane A. Delano Post of Newark, New Jersey, Lydia Whiteside Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the Gold Star Mothers of Washington, D. C. Our Post received many contributions from individual members and also raised additional funds by giving parties, by





Kiwis of the 150th Aero Squadron indulge in a little pasteboard pastime at Rich Field, Texas. Evidently good hands all around

selling refreshments at a Department Convention and through other means.

"Although the fund was completed in 1935, the commission to do the portrait was not placed until in 1937, when a committee of four of our Post—Beatrice Bowman, Marjorie Woodzell, Mary Hawthorne, and myself, as chairman, awarded the commission to Bjorn Egeli, a young Norwegian artist who came to this country in 1917 and became a citizen.

"Jane Delano was the daughter of a soldier in the Civil War who died on a forced march to New Orleans and was buried in an unmarked grave which her mother was never able to locate. Jane was born at Montour Falls, New York, in 1862. In 1887, she graduated from the Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. Prior to 1909, when she became chairman of the Red Cross Nursing Service, Miss Delano filled with distinction many positions in the field of nursing. She was Superintendent of Nurses in Sandhills Hospital, Jacksonville, Florida, during a yellow fever epidemic, at which time newspapers referred to her as the 'Florence Nightingale of America.' She was later in charge of nursing activities in a mining camp in Bisbee, Arizona, during a typhoid fever epidemic. She served also as Superintendent of Nurses at University Hospital in Philadelphia; Superintendent of Girls' Department, House of Refuge, Randalls Island, New York, and Superintendent of Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital from which she had graduated.

"While acting as chairman of the Red Cross Nursing Service, she was appointed in 1909 Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps in which capacity she traveled in the Philippines, Hawaii, China and Japan. She received several foreign decorations. In 1912, she resigned as Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps to devote her time to the Red Cross Nursing Service and during the World War, Miss Delano toiled early and late. During this period, she assigned 19,877 nurses to the service. To the Army were assigned 17,931, to the Navy 1,058 and to the U. S. Public Health Service 284. The number of nurses sent overseas with the Army was 10,066, with the Navy 297 and with the American Red Cross 604.

"It will be hard for the boys who passed through Base Hospital No. 42 at Bazouilles-sur-Meuse, where I served, to believe there were so many nurses overseas when they recall that there were only two nurses on duty in a ward of fifty beds, with an overflow tent of forty beds in the rear filled to capacity, in the summer of



1918. Miss Tiddy and I held forth in Ward 12 and could only give treatments and assist the ward surgeon with dressings. Such a thing as a bath was unheard of, except in rare instances.

"When Miss Delano sailed on the U. S. S. *George Washington* on January 2, 1919, to pay an official visit to the hospitals of the A. E. F., her vitality had been drained by her continuous and ardent duties. She arrived in Paris with a severe cold. On the night she was to speak to a large group of nurses from the eight

hospitals in Savcnay, her condition was such that Major Julia C. Stimson, then Chief of the Army Nurses in the A. E. F., had to substitute for her. Miss Delano developed mastoiditis, was operated upon February 21, 1919, and died in the barracks hospital in Savcnay on April 15, 1919, surrounded in her last hours by the nurses she had organized, the soldiers for whom they were enrolled and the people for whom all had crossed the Atlantic to render help.

"Miss Delano was buried in Savenay, but in the autumn of 1920 her body was brought back to her native land, and on September 18, 1920, reverently committed to her permanent resting place in the Nurses' section in beautiful and peaceful Arlington National Cemetery, overlooking Washington and the Potomac River."

GET a gang of veterans together and what do they talk about? The bum chow, the long hikes and drill periods, the sometimes too-strict regulations, the digging of trenches and maneuvers?—or, for those who got across the seas, the mud and filth of front line service, the long, arduous hours of duty in the back areas? Not that you can notice it! Even a short time after we all got out of service, talk always veered around to the amusing and pleasant incidents of service. That's why this department likes to use occasionally such pictures as that of the two French apple-women and the doughboy which was submitted by John G. Krieger of La Jolla (California) Post. And we're happy to report that Krieger is another ex-gob who has joined the reawakened Navy in its interest in Then and Now. Says Comrade Krieger:

"I was one of the camera hounds during the war and am enclosing a snapshot that I took on February 20, 1919, while my ship, the U. S. S. *Siboney*, was in port at Bassens, France. Bassens will be remembered as one of the American ports of discharge for American cargo transports—located about forty-five miles up the Gironde River from where it emptied into the Bay of Biscay. That is where the huge docks and storage sheds were built by our Army. Most veterans will no doubt remember nearby Bordeaux better—that port being seven miles beyond Bassens on the Gironde.

"The picture was taken just outside of the docks at Bassens and these two French women were peddling apples. They used to sell to all the American soldiers and sailors returning from leave or liberty in Bordeaux. Who the soldier is, I do not know, but if he sees this picture and makes himself known, he can have a copy of it for the asking. I'd like to know just what wise crack he made to cause all the hilarity shown!

"I had had ten years service in the Navy when we got into the war and in 1917 I was a chief machinist's mate. I was made ma- (Continued on page 54)

To Set Before a King

(Continued from page 21)

tard, some molasses, and the pepper. All night long I kept adding water for what had boiled away, measuring everything as carefully as if calibrating a sixteen-inch gun. Same with my brown bread.

No sleep that night. Besides having to tend my beans, I didn't trust that Frog. He might heave a shot of castor oil in them, and then where would me and the King get off?

Next morning Froggie had five or six helpers come in. You'd have thought they were putting a battle-wagon in commission, the way they worked. Mostly, the Frog stuck to giving orders and tasting things, maybe dropping in a pinch of this or that when the stuff didn't quite pass his inspection.

He knew his line fore and aft. He dished me out some of everything he cooked, and I said to myself that I was sunk a thousand fathoms deep. Beans! Who the hell'd look at my beans when he could hoist a cargo of real chow with Frog names like caviar and patty-for-grass?

I'd put everything I had, with a prayer on the side, into my beans, and they were the finest lot I'd ever turned out: every one a little nugget of gold. Same with the brown bread—moist enough to melt in your mouth, but not gooey. The Frog was polite when he tasted my stuff, and said, "Très bien," but I noticed he didn't ask for seconds.

DINNER was at eight o'clock, and my beans were to be the first thing served, so that all foreigners could sample their real flavor before they'd tasted anything else. I filled fifty little dishes, and the messboys carried them into the dining-room. In about ten minutes one of the boys hustled back and said Admiral Sims wanted to see me.

I could see typhoons, pamperos, and hurricanes ahead. Maybe the King had knocked a tooth adrift on a rock I'd missed. Anyway, I put on my uniform coat, plastered down what little hair I own, and got under way. Say, I'd never seen so much gold braid in my whole life! It just about blinded me, but I sneaked a once-over at the bean-dishes: every one as empty as a sailor's pocket the morning after payday, and all the brown bread gone. I felt a lot better. I'd been shipmates with our admiral, and I'd seen enough pictures of the King to know him, but the rest were strangers. The King stood up, and all hands followed suit.

"Your Majesty," the Admiral said, "this is John Baker, the man who prepared the beans and bread."

Boy, but I felt like the skipper of a destroyer that's just zig-zagged out of getting tin-fished. The King stuck his hand into mine and said, "They were rarely delicious. Indeed, don't you know, I shouldn't have objected to a rather larger portion."

Maybe it was the three bottles of champagne I'd cracked with Froggie, but I had the nerve to come back with, "Why, look here, King, I've got enough beans and bread cooked to feed your Coldstream Guards at Buckingham Palace. If you want seconds, just pass the word, and they'll be alongside."

He laughed a little, looked at Admiral Sims, and then said, "Really, don't you know, I believe I should enjoy them."

With the King and Admiral Sims liking them, everybody else had to. Blast my hide if Admiral Sims didn't wink at me when he said, "Baker, suppose you use larger dishes this time. Give us portions like those you used to serve me when you and I were shipmates on the *Dixie*."

Froggie's eyes bugged out a fathom when I went back to the kitchen and ladled beans into plates that held about a quart. "Mon Dieu! Name of a name!" he screamed, grabbing his black hair, "Ze King—he mus' pretend of a politeness for to eat ze Yankee peeg-food!"

Maybe so, but the answer was that the only thing of his that got inside the mess-room was black coffee. Not even dessert. That gang backed up to my beans and bread three times, and I'm here to tell you they knocked one big hole in what I'd cooked. Now, if that's politeness I'll swallow the anchor-chain from hawse-pipe to bitter-end.

NEXT day Admiral Sims sent for me. You know what a good scout he was. Never forgot a shipmate, and so much an officer and gentleman that he wasn't afraid to yarn about old times with enlisted men. He was standing up, pulling at his gray beard when I went in. He grabbed my hand and roared what he always does when he's happy about things running shipshape: "Big ropes and small blocks; that's what gets them, dod-gast 'em!"

We talked a while about the *Melville* and the *Dixie*, and then he told me I could have ten days' leave, eating at the enlisted men's mess at headquarters if I wanted to. I took the leave, but I didn't eat there. Froggie would probably have slipped me a dose of arsenic.

"WHAT happened to the big dinner he cooked?" I asked John.

"Search me. I didn't pay any attention to his chow, but the last time I saw him, he was waving a two-foot butcher-knife, yelling, 'I am disgrace for life!' and had pulled out enough of his hair to stuff a collision-mat."

Sharp Cracks of a Rifle

(Continued from page 15)

At last Garand had it. His latest model was approved and a quantity ordered for test by troops in the field.

It was a historic moment when Garand's great invention began to be manufactured at famous old Springfield Armory. One can imagine the shadowy presence on that occasion of many figures from out of the past. General Henry Knox, who in 1777 suggested the establishment of the Armory, and General George Washington, who approved and so ordered. All the officers who have served at the Armory, and the long line of gunsmiths and armorers who wrought there with skill and craftsmanship.

Soldiers of all our wars, there armed and accoutred. Surely all these must have been present or accounted for in the spirit, as drills whirled through barrels and mighty hammers crashed, stamping out parts down in the Water Shops; as lathes shaped the walnut stocks in the Hill Shops; as the rifles took form in the assembly room, and as the din of battle rose in the testing room where ninety-six rounds were fired from each weapon before it was passed. That day the semi-automatic took its place in a long succession of muskets, carbines, and rifles—stands of arms which inspired Longfellow's poem:

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished
arms . . .

Here was a gun that seemed to have everything. But it had still to face its field tests. Before it was accepted, it must succeed in feats ranging from passing the Infantry Board to winning the personal approval of buck privates.

For one test, two groups of ten recruits were chosen. Just to be sure the test was no set-up, the details were made from men who had enlisted in the field artillery. None ever had handled a rifle and probably none expected to, but then you get lots of surprises in the Army. These

innocents were turned over for three and one-half days' training to two officers with less than one year's service. One group was armed with the 1903 Springfield, the other with the semi-automatic. Each fired first at 1,000 inches and the next day at 200, 300, and 500 yards. At the first range, the Springfields made 66 percent hits; the semi-automatics, 87 percent. At the longer ranges, the former scored 80 percent and the latter 91 percent. The third day each group fired a combat problem involving fire for one minute, twenty seconds at each of three ranges—200, 300, and 500 yards. The semi-automatic group chalked up an 83 percent against the other's 67 percent. In either case, that was extraordinarily good for barely-trained rookies. Perhaps when they found field artillerymen who could shoot as well as that with rifles, they shifted them to the infantry. You have to be careful about showing what you can do in the Army.

Equally noteworthy was another infantry school test using three groups of riflemen. The first group fired 1903 Calibre .30 Springfields. After sixty consecutive shots, the accuracy of their fire deteriorated rapidly. After 150 rounds, every shot was in line of unpleasant duty. When 300 recoils had bruised and battered shoulders, "cease firing" had to be blown, for the troops were virtually out of action. Next day when it was planned to go on with the test, the group more in sorrow than in insubordination announced that their destination should rather be the hospital than the firing line. Clearly they were capable of shooting no more for some time.

Group No. 2, firing the M-1922 Calibre .22 rifle, were in almost as bad condition after 300 rounds. Shoulders were actually raw, not from the recoil but from the turning of the butt plate against them during the manipulation of the bolt. The men of this group said they were willing to try to fire the next day but doubted their ability to hit a barn door, considering the shape their shoulders were in.

Group No. 3 let fly with 300 rounds from semi-automatics. After 150, accuracy decreased somewhat because, the men said, their left arms got tired; they made no other complaint. Next day they stepped out on the firing line and performed as well as they had the day before. Stiffness of left arms from tight sling-straps was reported, but there was no mention of sore shoulders. One man fired 700 consecutive rounds at 25 rounds a minute with the butt of the semi-automatic against his bare shoulder. The only effect from that heavy, rapid firing was that the skin of the rifleman's shoulder was slightly marked by the checkering of the butt plate.

These and other tests have proved that men using the semi-automatic will consistently outshoot men armed with the Springfield or that, with considerably less train- (Continued on page 36)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
IN
NEW YORK CITY



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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Sharp Cracks of a Rifle

(Continued from page 35)

ing they will equal the marksmanship of those using the older weapon. Because of the new gun's light recoil, an inexperienced firer flinches but little and is able to concentrate on aim and trigger squeeze.

The training is speeded up. Not only does the new gun make possible a greater volume of fire per minute per man, but it is more accurate fire. How great an improvement is the lessened fatigue is emphasized when you recall that even three minutes of rapid fire with the old Springfield, taking the jolt and working the bolt on a hot day, was always pretty wearing.

The new gun can be fired faster than

the old even when some malfunction of its automatic mechanism occurs and you must pull back the operating rod by hand for each shot.

No wonder the verdict on the Garand rifle has been that it has more than justified expectations after a thorough workout and that it is "a great advance, on all counts, in the basic shoulder weapon of the infantryman."

SUCH is the latest development of that traditional American weapon, the rifle. These days there is considerable that is reassuring in the fact that this splendid arm is American and that it seems likely to remain so for some time.

Sooner or later foreign powers will obtain specimens of our semi-automatic which is, so far as we know, far superior to any gun of its type in the hands of any of the other armies.

Yet it may be found to be no easier to copy than were the French .75's, captured soon after the start of the World War by the Germans. U. S. Rifle, Calibre .30, M-1 is, like other great inventions, simple in design and function, but its materials, their treatment, details of manufacture, and the machinery for mass production are all closely-guarded secrets. And nowadays Uncle Sam is rapidly losing his patience with the nosey.

Demobilizing Madelon

(Continued from page 23)

"Hell with Pershing! The purp stays." And stay she did.

On the dreaded morning, I went through the mess line the customary twice, but fed Madelon most of my own chow as well as what Uncle Sam provided for her. Our theory was that if she ate a big meal she'd sleep through both inspections. I shoe-horned her under my bunk and to sleep she went. Orders were to stand in the spaces between the bunks, two men to each aisle, as the inspecting party walked through the hut, but we planned to have four men stand in my aisle to screen the purp if she stuck her head out. As nine o'clock approached, the Dog Walkers Detachment showed some signs of nervousness. The tension was relieved a bit by a story brought in by the Engineer corporal, who had been to the Y again. A hundred German prisoners had marched to work at Fort Bougon that morning, each with a gold service stripe sewed to his left sleeve. When the P. O. W. officer asked how come, their Feldwebel explained:

"Ve understand for six months mit de A. E. F. in France, ve to a gold service stripe endidled are."

On the stroke of nine, the front door of the barrack was thrown open and a sergeant bellowed, "'Shun!" Smedley walked slowly down the aisle of the hut glancing to right and left and living up to the "Gimlet Eye" tradition. Half way down the barrack he came to my bunk where I and three other Dog Walkers were standing at rigid attention, crowded into the narrow space between two double-deckers. Butler stopped short and stared at us searchingly.

"What the blank blank kind of a formation is this?" he roared. "What's this mass of men doing here? Looks to me as

if they're hiding something! Stand aside there, you men!"

The four Dog Watchers shuffled aside and the General peered between the bunks. The Casual Company wavered. Visions of Leavenworth, Hard-Boiled Smith and the rock pile danced before my eyes. But the pup slept on, the innocent sleep of well-fed puppyhood, and the dark cloud rolled by and out the rear door of the barrack. A moment later the Engineer corporal stammered, "Good grief, Sarge, if the hombre had laid a finger on that pup, I'd of had his heart out."

It didn't seem possible that the biggest of meals and the deepest of sleeps could last through a second inspection—especially by the C.-in-C. of the A. E. F., but the Dog Watchers insisted on taking the chance.

"He ain't any worse than Smedley; she stays," was the consensus.

At 11, once more, the stentorian bellow "'Shun!" Once more the unorthodox formation between the bunks. Pershing marched rapidly down the aisle, followed by several officers of his staff and Butler. Just as the C.-in-C. passed my bunk, Madelon stuck her head out and yawned, long and audibly. No one in the inspecting party stopped, but the last of the group, a young staff captain, turned quickly and caught a glimpse of Madelon's head as she peered out from under the bunk. As he did so, he glanced at me, winked and hurried on. I wish I knew his name.

Days and nights passed slowly at Fort Bougon. Every man's thoughts were of home and nothing else counted very much. Rumors flew through the camp. We were going home tomorrow. They were shipping us on a battleship, but we'd have to coal her before she sailed. Then

we got the grapevine story of an artillery outfit from Connecticut that had coaled a battleship thinking they were coaling her to go home, only to be marched back again, to Pontanezen, their thoughts blacker than their fatigues.

In spite of the duckboard work, there was plenty of bunk fatigue and there was the night when we were routed out of bed at 2 A.M., told to strip, and with only a single blanket wrapped around us, were marched through that penetrating winter drizzle to a steam room for the first of four delousings we were to get before we became civilians. After the steaming, we found there were no towels. The Dog Walkers were marched back to their hut with streaming pores and in the morning ten men were taken to the hospital, not to be seen by us again. The corporal of Engineers was one of them. Madelon, the greatest gold-brick of us all, escaped the delousing.

Several nights later a top sergeant of the Base Section electrified us by telling us to prepare for inspection in the company street at 6 A. M. the next day. We were told that if our equipment wasn't perfect, boots oiled, puttees properly rolled, buttons in place, or if we had anything that wasn't issue, the outfit would never get home. This particular top kick made me believe there was a Santa Claus by telling me my French musette bag would be regarded as issue.

Several minutes before six the next morning, the Dog Walkers Detachment appeared in the company street policed to the nines. Unfortunately, as ranking non-com of the outfit, I had to take my stand as right guide. The musette was slung over my right shoulder and hanging on my left hip. In the musette was Madelon. A captain of the Base Section

appeared at six sharp and proceeded to inspect. I came in for a special round of abuse because a button of my canteen cover was missing, but the captain didn't find Madelon. During the long hike from camp to the docks, I marched on the captain's right. My left hand was under the flap of the musette; my fingers around Madelon's small nose ready to cut off the first sign of a yip. No hike ever seemed as long as that one, or ever will.

On the pier we had another ordeal of inspection which the purp passed successfully, and then we were marched onto a lighter. A few minutes later we were on board the *Ortega* and the worst of our troubles appeared to be over. But I didn't dare let Madelon out of the musette till we had passed the breakwater and had dropped the pilot. I still feared she would be returned to her native land by the pilot boat.

No need to describe the long fourteen days between Brest and New York, how the limey ship's butcher supplied me with meat for the pup, how she tore up a regular army top's brand new overseas cap, how he swore he'd throw her overboard, how a hundred men swore they'd throw him overboard if he did, how Madelon wormed her way back into his crusty and well-concealed affections.

The *Ortega* was making her way up the Narrows. Every man not in hospital was on deck. I was walking along the boat deck with Madelon on a leash when the British ship's captain stopped me. I gave him an extra special British regimental sergeant major's salute, heel-click and all.

"Look here, sergeant," he said. "You know you can't take that dog ashore." My heart sank.

"Why not, sir?" I asked.

"Dogs are not permitted on His Majesty's ships," he said. "You smuggled this one aboard against His Majesty's regulations, and on this ship she stays." The old blighter wanted Madelon for himself.

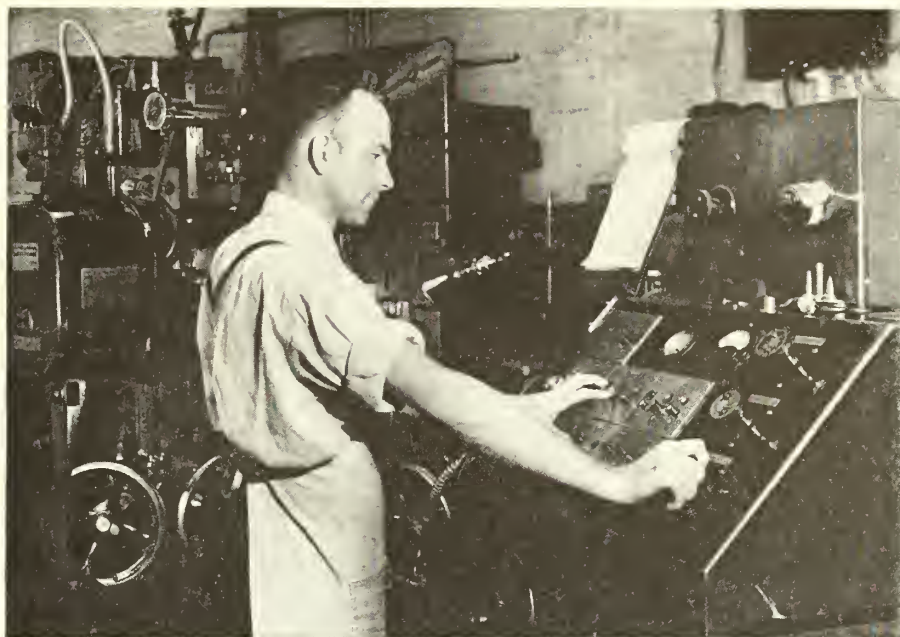
"Very good, sir," I replied, saluted and hurried aft to consult the butcher.

I got small comfort from him.

"You're up against it, me lad," he said. "The bloody old blighter is fair 'orrid when 'e's crossed and I eyen't the one to cross 'im."

Armed with my last francs—the original stock had been slightly enlarged in sundry crap games—I tried to persuade some member of the crew to smuggle Madelon ashore, but no volunteer could be found to risk the Old Man's wrath. Gloom came over me, but somewhere I had a spark of faith that having come this far, Madelon's star would carry her through.

As the *Ortega* steamed into the upper bay and passed the Goddess of Liberty, we were met by the Mayor's Committee of Welcome. They were on a police boat and a brass band on the top deck was playing "Smiles." The Committee Boat tied up alongside (Continued on page 38)



A MAESTRO OF POWER

SWIFT and responsive as the strings and brasses of a great orchestra, power moves beneath this man's finger tips. Electric power, varied at his will from the crashing force of ten thousand sledges to the delicate pianissimo that pares a hairbreadth from a piece of steel. And so, from the machine that obeys this man's bidding rolls forth the symphony of American industry—*more goods for more people at less cost.*

This man is typical of the millions of American workmen who, with the machines they direct, set the tempo of American industry. Today the mechanical power in the hands of each factory worker is four times what it was 50 years ago. As a result, the amount that each worker can produce has more than doubled. And because he produces more, he has more.

That is why five out of six American families own radios, why four out of five have automobiles, why one out of three owns an electric refrigerator. That is why America has today the highest standard of living the world has ever known. And General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen, by applying electric power to the machines of industry, have done much to make this progress possible. Their efforts today are directed to the task of bringing about still higher living standards.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

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Demobilizing Madelon

(Continued from page 37)

the *Ortega* for ten minutes and I got my last inspiration. Hurrying below, I scrawled a note, sealed it in an envelope and tied it to Madelon's collar. It read:

To anyone with a kind heart and a fondness for dogs: This is Madelon, a Belgian police dog. She has traveled with me across France and across the Atlantic. Please be kind to her and deliver her to my mother, Mrs. Ernest M. Price, at 8 West 12th Street, New York City. Tell her I'm on my way home.

Sgt. 1Cl. Ernest M. Price,
Base Hospital No. 10,
M. D., N. A., A. E. F.

Running down gangways to the lowest deck that gave on the water, I found a point along the rail directly above the top deck of the police boat. It was still a full twenty feet higher than the bobbing deck of the smaller craft. To drop Madelon to the deck of the police boat was to risk breaking her legs, but it was that or nothing. I shouted to get the attention of a man on the Committee Boat's deck and

then lowered Madelon dangling by her collar from the end of her chain to the extreme length of the leash and my arm and let her drop. As luck would have it, she fell right in the arms of my unknown friend, who fielded her like an All-American quarterback under a punt. He opened the letter, read it, grinned and waved reassuringly. The Committee Boat moved away amid cheers from the soldiers, the butcher and other members of the ship's company who had seen the successful trans-shipment. On the top deck of the small boat stood a bedraggled and miserable looking puppy gazing reproachingly back at her buddies.

AT THE pier we were transferred directly from the *Ortega* to a lighter which took us up to Fort Lee. Thence we went to Camp Merritt at Tenafly. Three days later, armed with a 24-hour pass, I climbed the stairs to my mother's apartment on 12th Street. As I rang the bell, there was a familiar scratching and scuffling inside the door. A moment later it swung open and out leaped Madelon, policed and sleek as

she had never been in her life. She was wearing a new collar and the happiest grin a tyke ever wore. The day we landed she landed too and that night her rescuer, a ship news boy on the *New York American*, delivered her and the note to my mother's home. Madelon's arrival was the first intimation my family had that I had left France. And so Madelon was demobilized without service record, transportation orders, or delousing. In fact, her only piece of paper work was my note and that wasn't even in duplicate.

After the war Madelon went along when I moved to Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. In 1922, when I left there for Boston I gave her to a family there, since I didn't think it fair to keep such a big dog cooped up in a city apartment. From time to time I got word of her, what a wonderful pet she was, and how fond she was of children. About four years ago, after a bad thunderstorm, they found her dead. She had always been terrified by thunder, and at the last her old heart had simply not been able to stand up under the shock.

Professor Puck's Party

(Continued from page 7)

dark and sticking it between the fifth and sixth ribs. Only they never molested ladies, being gentlemanly in their way.

Well, it is four o'clock when we arrive that day in front of the Hotel Metropole, and here is Tours, big as life all around us. It is raining, to give the old town a familiar look.

"We've just time for the museum," Humphrey begins. "There's one really fine madonna . . ."

He starts down the street with the eight women right on his heels like a bunch of recruits in a development battalion. Only Pete holds back.

"I'd rather see the cathedral," he objects, thinking of Juste's cafe down the first street from it.

"Oh, it's too dark for the cathedral," Humphrey thinks. "We haven't time for it and the museum, too, and take the evening train, and the museum is lighted."

"All right," Pete decides. "You go see the museum, then. Me, I prefer the cathedral."

If Pete went, I went. Everybody knew that. But I sort of hoped Mary Bromley would come along for once. She slowed down a second as if she'd like to, but at last she trots off after Humphrey, leaving Pete and me on the sidewalk with nothing but Pete's schemes and my conscience.

"Well, Beans, old soak," he says,

slapping me on the back, "if I can't round up a couple of swell apaches in an hour, I'm getting old enough to need a guide!"

Of course we double-timed to Juste's cafe. And there the old man was, a little more ancient and a little thinner, but still wearing the eye patch. And there's the ink spot on the wall Pete made the night of his birthday party. And here's the two daughters. And now their husbands. Which, I tell you, was okey doke with us.

The girls hadn't changed so much, twenty years being twenty years and fifty pounds extra weight a little matter to overlook. But their husbands. Boy, from their looks, Alcatraz wouldn't take those two husbands, even for punishment. They're taxi drivers, they say, and the way Pete's ears wiggle when he hears it, you know he's getting a good idea. He leans over and says to me, "Perfect! Look at 'em, Beans! I'll show that professor whether there's apaches in this town or not!"

"Got any friends in the taxicab business?" he asks the sons-in-law.

They got three, it seems, and they bring 'em in. Pete's heart action is a lot better'n mine, I guess. He don't bat an eye when he sees those three men, but I tell you if those three birds weren't the honest-to-goodness, fried-in-hell apaches

that Pete'd just been telling Puck about, they ought to sue somebody for making them look it. We all sit down and Pete orders wine and starts to explain.

It's worth fifty francs, he says, if everything turns out right and he tells old man Juste about Humphrey Puck. There's no reason for hurrying on tonight to Paris, he tells him. If Professor Puck can accidentally discover that he don't know everything there is to know about Tours, and is detained in Tours in the bargain, well, the trip won't be a complete failure.

Juste gets the idea all right. You can see his right eye getting wetter and wetter and he begins to laugh and hop up and down in that excited way the French nation has, and the two sons-in-law and their three friends hop with him and everybody pours more wine and talks at once.

My job is to do the scouting, first. I'm to find Humphrey and the eight ladies and see what they're at by now, and where. It don't take me long. It's raining cats and dogs and the wind's blowing, and they're having a dry supper, all except Aunt Emma who always takes tea, in a little place near the museum. Humphrey is sitting at the head of the table with his steamer rug stuck in the back of his chair to keep the draft off, and all the women are listening as if he

was the guy that discovered Tours in the first place.

I go back to the cafe and tell Pete and he gives the taxi-drivers their orders. The three that weren't related were to take their cabs and circle 'round till they got good and wet-looking, and then drive up in front of the cafe where Humphrey's party is eating. Pete and I will wait down the street with Juste and the two sons-in-law.

We've borrowed a couple of big black capes from Juste and a pair of the wobbly hats that the French keep on hand for revolutions. I can't tell how I looked myself, but you'd never have guessed that Pete Hostetter was born in Evans-ton. He's a grave digger, more like, out on private business, and we go down the street and wait a long time.

Humphrey appears, finally, when it gets near train time, and looks around for a nice dry cab to take him to the station. And right there waiting for him are three in a row. Of course, being a good guide, he falls for it.

He herds Aunt Emma and Aunt Abigail and a couple of other ladies into the first one, and four more into the next. Then, seeing Mary Bromley's in the second, he tries to get into it himself.

Oh, no, mister, we'd looked ahead to that. The cabman begins to holler just the way we'd told him to, and Humphrey begins to argue. The one guy says there isn't room and the other says there is. But the Frenchie has a better voice than Humphrey, and besides it's his cab. So when the third old bus comes along, Humphrey gives up and climbs in it alone and orders the driver to hurry ahead to the station.

Well, the driver starts, slow-like. But when he comes to the end of the street, he turns left instead of right, and Humphrey don't say a word, which shows how much you can trust a guide. The other cabs follow, of course, and they come to a street finally, back of the cathedral, where streets have a way of being dark. It's narrow, too, between a high wall and an old warehouse, and what do you know! Here's Juste, waiting by the road, and his girls' husbands, and nearby Pete and me, in our capes, just looking like innocent bystanders. The first cab stops, also according to orders, and Humphrey opens the door, important like, and hollers out to know what's the matter.

Well, Juste just reaches up playful and yanks Humphrey out by the neck. His face did look pretty fierce with the light of the cab shining on it. Humphrey wilts like a carload of green stuff out hunting the general's cook, and the cabman yells, "Apaches!"

The word must have given Humphrey some extra strength. For at first mention of it, he tears loose from Juste and starts up the road, forgetting the ladies and his steamer rug flying out behind him, and no sooner is he doing retreat than the two other drivers (Continued on page 40)

1939 JANUARY
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

*"In with the new
...Velvet's
my tobacco!"*

Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

*Better
smoking
tobacco*

Velvet

- the **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood
- the **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

*Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both*

Copyright 1939,
LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.

Professor Puck's Party

(Continued from page 39)

begin to holler too about apaches, and the ladies join in.

No, sir, there hadn't been so much screaming in Tours since the night Pete and me tried to wipe out the Military Police. All three cabs go off at a gallop, followed by noise, and Humphrey ducks square into my arms. I embrace him lovingly, all right, and Pete fondles his neck. It don't take the other three long to join us then, and first thing Humphrey knows, they've run him around a few corners and by an outside stairway down cellar under Juste's cafe.

Well, Pete and I stand over in a corner with our capes in front of our faces and our hands in our mouth, to keep from busting out laughing. Humphrey don't care very much about having his head wrapped up in a dirty towel and a wad of cloth in his mouth. You couldn't even blame him, the way Juste looked.

"We'll lock him up now?" asks one son-in-law, in the very plain French that is spoken in Tours.

"Why bother?" the second one wants to know. "Let us rob him and throw him in the Loire."

"Throwing him in the Loire is too much trouble," old Juste puts in. "Just leave him here." Humphrey moans, and the old man adds, "All we want anyway is his clothes."

That's all they took, too. They left him his shoes, (Humphrey wearing only a number six, which was a lot too small for them) and his socks, and one or two other unimportant things. But they did give him back the steamer rug.

"I am the great apache artist," old man Juste concludes, very cordial. "I leave with you the masterpiece."

At that he takes a paint brush from a black can and does a neat job on Humphrey's face.

We hadn't provided for that camouflage, Pete and me. Still it didn't do much harm, aside from starting Humphrey to screaming and moaning all over again.

"It's good waterproof paint," explains one of the sons-in-law, and at that they let him go.

Well, Humphrey had been thinking,

meantime, best he could about military tactics. He'd been watching the stair, and soon as Juste's hands were off him, he knocks the candle for a home run.

We hear him hit both walls in the dark and then claw up the stairs with Juste panting after him. The old man keeps near enough his heels around three or four streets, to make sure he's properly

"Took him away?" Pete asks slowly. "What for?"

Mary looks at him hard, but Pete has such a horrified expression that she passes up for the time being any suspicions. "You better explain to these officials," she suggests in her ice-box way. "I believe I've heard you mention your ability to speak French."

Pete nods. Sure he can speak French. He marches right over, very military like, and begins to talk.

"Apaches?" they cried. "*Non, non, non!*"

"But *oui*," Pete insists, and speaks in the cop's ear.

He comes back to the ladies after a bit, still very dignified. "I suggest that we all go to the Hotel Metropole," he says. "Really, Tours is quite worth one night. The police will let us know what they find in the morning. They're going out to hunt the remains."

Of course it upsets the ladies pretty bad. We walk them through the rain to the Hotel Metropole, for you couldn't have got one of them into another cab that night with a derrick.

They go to bed right away. Sure, they were tired. I wasn't feeling so fresh myself. I don't know how tired Pete

was. He was one of those brave sergeants who never let on how their feet hurt, but me, I couldn't have been more used up if I'd cooked for six thousand men for a week. I'd have gone to sleep with my shoes on if Pete had let me, but once we got alone in a bedroom in that hotel, he just sat down in a hard chair and laughed. And from under his coat he yanked a package done up in waterproof that old man Juste had taken off young Mr. Puck. It's our tickets and passports and all that sort of thing which Humphrey thought we wasn't old enough to carry ourselves.

Pete walks over to the window, looks out to see if the sidewalk is quiet and he throws the package out, and we go to sleep.

The polite clerk woke us early for two reasons. One is the package. A gendarme had found it on the sidewalk and brought it into the hotel. The other reason is a



"Let's see, they were three ninety-eight—and one-third off—plus a one percent sales tax—that's . . . How about making me an offer?"

lost, which was a mean kind of advantage to take, since it's raining harder all the time now, and Humphrey is running so fast that he can keep hold of only one corner of his steamer rug, so it isn't much protection from drafts.

Juste waddles back to the cafe at last to collect his bill. We paid. It was worth it.

But of course it's long past train time. The ladies of Humphrey's party are waiting at the station, with seven ticket takers and three or four policemen with swords, all trying to talk at once. Aunt Emma is about to have hysterics and Aunt Abigail is throwing one fit after another on any masculine shoulder that is handy. The only cool person in sight is Mary, and Pete Hostetter wasn't any gladder to see her than I was. Not by a dozen condiment cans he wasn't.

"We were attacked by apaches," she says. "They captured Professor Puck and took him away."

report from the police that they have arrested an American *sauvage* who claims he was assaulted by apaches.

Of course the ladies are relieved. It is too bad the poor professor was arrested, but at least he isn't dead, and Pete and I must go at once to the police station.

Well, we don't object to that. But when we get there, we see quite a crowd around one of the cells, and we look in, very cautious, and here sits Humphrey wrapped up in his steamer rug, with the waterproof paint still fast to his face. He is trying to be both polite and dignified, which is pretty hard to do in a steamer rug.

"Do you know him?" the boss gendarme asked.

Humphrey stood up, very serious, giving his rug a hutch. For once he wasn't beaming, but Pete just stared at him hard, then shook his head.

"That's no American," he said.

Humphrey let out a moan. "Oh, Mr. Hostetter!" he cries. Then, coming down off his horse, he says, "Pete!"

Pete gives him a look he'd inherited from Aunt Emma.

"Did you tell him my name?" he asks the gendarmes.

"Hostetter, get me out!" Humphrey pleads away down in his stomach. Pete leans against the bars and looks in at Humphrey just the way Humphrey always looked at madonnas.

"I'm sure he's not American," Pete insists. "I fear he's a traveler, perhaps from Africa, who's been testing your wines."

"Drinking," I help him out, translating with a gesture that the gendarmes understood.

"Drinking," they all agree.

"His condition convinces me that it isn't our guide," Pete says. "Mr. Puck is a model young man. I'm sorry. I always like to help policemen. But our guide never drinks. Never does anything except talk."

Well, Humphrey waved his rug and began to dance around the cage as if he was trying to prove all Pete had just said. The trouble was, he couldn't speak anything except book French, so the gendarmes couldn't understand half he said, and they didn't believe that. We didn't stay long. The boss gendarme explained how Humphrey had been found early in the morning slipping along close to the building fronts, wrapped up tight in his rug. They arrested him on suspicion, which you couldn't blame him for, or them.

Pete promised he'd come back in the afternoon to see if the police had found the right guide, and we went out, leaving Humphrey talking in a way most undignified for a college professor. Sometimes I think the desk sergeant wasn't as thick as he let on. Some of them gendarmes were like cab drivers, I discovered. They got a delicate sense of humor.

Well, once we were out of sight of the jail we sat down in front of a cafe and

laughed and laughed. Aunt Emma and Aunt Abigail said we ought to do something, soon as we got back to the hotel with the news, but they couldn't figure out what.

"I'm sure the man in jail isn't our professor," Pete insists, sad-like. "The prisoner was drunk."

"And disorderly," I add.

"And only half dressed," Pete goes on.

"And using profanity," I help out.

Mary laughed right out loud. The other ladies looked shocked, and all the way through breakfast, Aunt Abigail kept saying between bites that the whole

affair quite took her appetite away. But Pete arranged things. We two would hunt Humphrey while the ladies went to the cathedral to look at madonnas.

Well, we hunted all morning at Juste's cafe. In the afternoon we took a street car out to Barracks 66, where we'd helped ninety generals and two thousand second lieutenants win the war. It was much pleasanter than we remembered, there being no M.P.'s to decorate the gate. But, come evening, we went back to look at Humphrey again.

He was sitting proper as a field clerk in the middle of (Continued on page 42)

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Professor Puck's Party

(Continued from page 41)

his cell. He'd got the water-proof paint from his chin and mostly from his nose and considerable skin had gone with it. We walked right up to the bars and looked in. And recognized him!

"Why, Humphrey!" Pete exclaims, laying his hand on his heart.

"Why, Professor Puck!" I follow.

Humphrey forgets to beam. "I shall give you both over to the police," he says, very snappy.

"Give *us* over?" cries Pete. "Why, *we* weren't drunk! Humphrey, could it have been *you* we saw this morning? I never would have known you. How you have sobered up!"

Humphrey gave a sort of gurgle.

"The idea of *you* getting drunk!" Pete whispers, horrified.

"And disorderly!" I add.

"And wearing nothing but that steamer rug!" chides Pete.

Humphrey's gurgle got louder.

"To think that a man with such perfect manners," Pete goes on, "should turn out to be a plain rowdy. Mr. Puck, I for one can't finish this trip with you. I couldn't allow my aunt to. A drunken guide!"

"Indeed you can't finish this trip with

me!" Humphrey yells. "There are laws against kidnapping in this country!"

"Indeed there are. And against drunkenness, too. If you *were* drunk. The police say they think not. That you are just . . ." Pete touched his head in a psychopathic gesture. "They have very thorough sanity tests in France," he adds. "They take six months."

"Sanity tests don't concern me!" Humphrey screams.

"Oh, of course not," Pete agrees, "if you were just plain drunk. But Humphrey, where are your clothes?"

Well, Humphrey got it after a while, between chokes, that either he was drunk and disgraceful the night before, or else he'd have to spend six months proving how he wasn't coo-coo. Either one was bad enough, mister. But what was worse, after we swallowed our pride and admitted how we did know him, those obliging gendarmes paroled him to Pete and me.

Of course, we can't be seen on the street with a man in a steamer rug. So after I'd ducked back to the hotel and got him a full clothing equipment, we slipped him up to our room.

The ladies had gone to bed. And do you know, Humphrey was still set on arguing

the matter. Which proves he didn't know Pete.

We gave him his passport and money and a fond farewell and a lot of advice about apaches and Humphrey took the first train out. It happened to be going the same way we just had come from, but Humphrey didn't even notice that.

"I'm sure he'll get home all right," Pete tells the ladies very sweetly next morning. "You know, some men have to have a fling now and then."

"Fling?" repeats Aunt Emma, very cold.

"Fling?" gushes Aunt Abigail.

"Fling!" cries Mary, and laughs.

But that's not all. Pete and I give a little party that night over at M'sieur Juste's cafe. It starts out successful enough, with Pete at the head of the table and me at the foot, and the cab drivers all out of sight in the back room. Mary had warmed up a little. But suddenly she gets cold again, and begins looking at old man Juste's older son-in-law, who is jumping around the table waving his apron and helping serve.

"What peculiar trousers that man has on," Mary says.

Pete turns around, polite like. "Yes,



A glimpse of the National Executive Committee of The American Legion at work at the November, 1938, meeting, National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick presiding. The sessions are held in the splendidly appointed assembly room on the fourth floor of the National Headquarters building at Indianapolis

aren't they," he answers, and looks at Mary reprovingly.

Of course, I thought the stuff was off. That's one thing about a lot of people, no matter how much you try to help them, they kick right back at you out of pure dumbness. And this simple-minded son-of-the-law was wearing Humphrey's pants.

Mary stared at 'em a long time. Then she puckered up her mouth and eyed Pete again, very superior, and then me. She didn't eat much more. When she wasn't looking at us and the pants, she was staring at wicked acting old Juste.

Pete said nothing, at least about pants. But we stayed three days in Tours, and even Aunt Emma insisted on eating every meal at Juste's cafe. Then Pete took us to Paris, to see several sights Humphrey certainly would have neglected to show us, and then he put us on the boat and brought us home. Was Aunt Emma tickled when she found Pete could run the party even better than Humphrey could!

But it wasn't Pete that ran it. It was me. Pete was too busy getting better acquainted with Mary. And on the fourth night out, he came into the stateroom and woke me up and hollered, "Oh, boy! Oh, boy, what a girl! Why, Beans, she's the most wonderful. . ."

"Who?" I said.

"Oh, boy!" he yelled. "She loves me! Hear that, Beans? An old man like me!"

Well, I rolled over, not saying much, but feeling pretty bad. Pete Hostetter wasn't the only man on earth who could see what a swell gal Mary was. And next day what does she do but call me over to her and point to a deck chair and say,

"Sit down, Beans, and tell me about apaches."

I swallow, and she goes on, "Those apaches you met in Tours during the war. Pete won't talk about them. I notice many men don't like to tell their experiences in the war. But you tell me. Did one of them, by any chance, wear a patch on his eye?"

I don't say anything.

"Or was one of them in the habit of wearing another man's trousers?" she wants to know.

I just look blank, which is easy.

"Pete's promised to tell me the whole story after we're married," she leads me on, "but I don't want to wait that long."

"Lady," I finally answer, "the apaches of Tours are a noble race. They'll take the coat off a man's back for a friend."

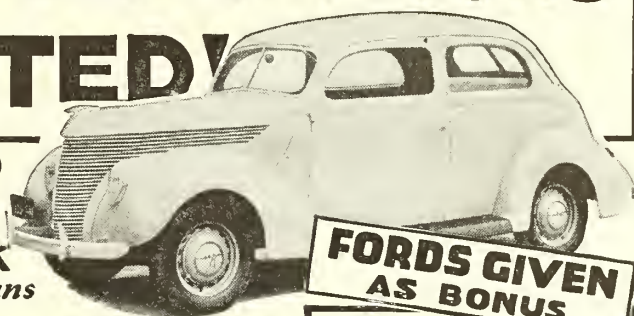
"Coat?" says Mary.

Well, they were married the next month in Evanston, and of course I was glad how it was my best friend got her, instead of a college professor. I had to be thankful for something.

They went on a wedding tour. Without a guide. And they took my present along. Mary busted right out laughing when she saw it, and gave me a hug that near broke my heart. It was a good warm steamer rug. To keep drafts off.

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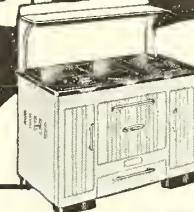
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'Gator Tickling

(Continued from page 18)

the string around the stock would probably bust. That would cut pretty well into the profits, even at forty-five cents a foot for the hide, C. O. D. tannery.

After that we played puss in the corner between the cave and the float for about three boat bailings, and all of us, including the 'gator, were getting quite disgusted. I don't suppose that ever, in his reptilian span, had he been more consistently annoyed. He apparently began to long for the good, old, pre-war days in his peaceful cave upstream. So, this time, he just snuck out of his cave and crept around the edge of the ham-

mock so that his breath bubbles were half lost in the margin roots.

"See him?" Sam said peering over the brush. "He gone from cave."

"Well there's something going on," I admitted.

Sam started to talk 'gator. He was thoroughly exasperated. He roared with the aggressiveness of a dictator shaking the mailed fist. He croaked like the grand-daddy of all bull 'gators. He was desperate. It was almost sundown. And then he stopped and eyed the head of the pool.

I watched the gun come up. I followed his eye. The 'gator was watching us

warily from behind a pond lily. He had been working his sly way up a backwater.

And then, to the surprise of everyone concerned, the gun went off and that poor harried 'gator was thrashing around in his death agonies.

I looked at Sam. He was gazing at the gun. The strain of going off on time had been too much. The string had broken. It had disintegrated in Sam's hands.

But we had cutlets from the alligator's tail. You needn't turn up your nose. They were the sweetest, whitest meat you ever saw. And when they were fried along with some salt pork, they had it all over any veal you ever tasted.

A. E. F. Husbands, 1939 Style

(Continued from page 11)

he arrives because of my ill-considered publicity. If the Legion ever institutes a Distinguished Service Medal, then I'll divulge their names, for these two Legionnaires deserve to be decorated before anybody else in Paris. Although it has meant financial loss to themselves, they have exemplified the equation that

Youthful Faith		Practical Aid
Plus Cash	equals	To Comrades
Plus Confidence		In Distress

Jumping from philanthropy and finance to American folk music, let me give another example of joyous youthfulness. My husband, once again, is the villain of the piece; Clifford A. Bayard, (one-time A.E.F. lieutenant, now a really talented artist by profession) was his accomplice. Cliff and my husband were born in McKeesport, Pa.; they used to rob neighboring apple orchards together, I am told, but maybe they have only been boasting. Both of them are afflicted with the fallacy that they can sing; Cliff can (he used to take lessons!) but my husband . . . well, his vocalizing resembles the filing of a saw, or a cow's moo-ing in the twilight. Anyhow, when Cliff came to Paris, they decided to have a good, old-fashioned sing all to themselves. They sang; I mean, they tried to sing everything from *How Firm a Foundation* to *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, from *Sweet and Low* to *Missouri Waltz*. Frankly, it was terrible, but nothing could stop them. When I announced, "Tea is served," there was a lull in the hostilities, during which Jacqueline (a very wise girl for her age, as you will see) remarked with childish candor, "Mamma, don't you sometimes think that Cliff and papa have gone crazy?"

Eh bien, it is this youthful insanity, this juvenile joy in singing the old—and

new—songs, in appreciating the sane, simple things of life, which separates the Americans from their fellows. Even if it does annoy the neighbors, it is a beautiful, enviable thing. It shows that they have not grown old, sardonic, and pessimistic; it is a priceless possession which I hope they will never lose. Happily, it is not limited to Cliff and my husband; every member of Paris Post is blessed with it—and how! For age cannot wither nor exile stale their irrepressible youthfulness.

It is a French truism that "Every woman is a queen in America," and from observation and hearsay, I can well believe it. Certainly, the A.E.F. husband keeps his wife on the throne where he placed her in 1919 or thereabouts. To him, she is still his queen, judging by his generosity, his observance of significant anniversaries (the first encounter, the first *promenade*, the first child), and his persistent endeavor to give her all the joys which his means permit. He is more faithful, I believe, than the French husband, although the latter has a reputation for getting off the conjugal reservation which he doesn't merit; this legend, cultivated by imaginative novelists, exceeds by far the reality. Further, an American husband accords his wife far more liberty than a Frenchman would; all the while, he demands more independence for himself.

Turning to other topics, I may say that our A.E.F. orphans have all learned French but this French (omitting the exceptions) is nothing to write home about. The boys will admit it themselves, if you get them in a corner. Their French, it should be noted, is a substantial, dependable instrument; it is fluent and understandable; it is adequate for any human being's daily needs. But, it is too often ungrammatical and seldom elegant;

it is rarely sufficient for making the briefest speech. Indeed, when an A.E.F. veteran expects to speak, he very wisely writes his speech in English, and then gets his wife to translate it. Even then the American accent is evident in every phrase. I recall one such speech, supposedly in French, of which I understood from fifteen to twenty percent. Which proves, *n'est-ce pas*, that French oratory is not the specialty of my husband and his comrades. In stating my opinion so bluntly, I do not mean to be unkind; I know, and I admire, the reason for this deficiency. The boys—I like that word—have been so everlastingly busy earning a living for Self & Co., that they had no time to master the intricacies of French. And in the long run, building a life is infinitely more important than acquiring a language—even that of Racine and Voltaire.

What a pleasure it would be to record that all Franco-American households in France are bi-lingual, but my conscience won't let me. It just isn't so, and the A.E.F. father is chiefly to blame. If he had compelled himself to speak English to his children, they would all know English today, but he didn't. He now regrets his weakness, but remorse can't change the facts. Indeed, some of the youngsters know no English at all and, what is worse, they never will; these, however, are the exceptions.

All the while, there are a number of homes where both English and French are spoken (particularly if the mother, or the children, have spent some time in America); in such households, Suzanne, Marcel & Co.—now started in their second decade—have acquired both languages. Unfortunately, such instances are in the minority but, and this is the bright side of the picture, they are definitely

if slowly, increasing and eventually, when the juniors have reached their late 'teens, I predict they will know English. The explanation is simple. Little by little, they are reaching the *lycée* age, or have reached it. This means, for most of them, that English is a required subject (the parents see to that) in their studies. And, since daddy is an American, it would be disgraceful not to be toward the first in the English class, and so each child puts forth a special effort to excel. I should also mention the excellent work accomplished by the Thursday School in Pershing Hall, directed by Mrs. H. Sanua-Seymour, now President of the Legion Auxiliary in Paris, where instruction is given in English, and in Americanism—folksongs, history, ideals, poetry, games, customs, etc. Its achievements are admirable; but since it meets only on Thursdays (when French schools are closed), since it reaches a limited number of children, its influence, through no fault of its own, on the language situation in 1500 Franco-American homes is not as great as it deserves to be.

What about Art? (asks a professorial friend from Ada, Ohio). Have the boys absorbed very much of it? The answer is "Some of them." Possibly, the best example is the Rev. Clayton E. Williams, Chaplain of Paris Post, formerly of Indianapolis, Poughkeepsie, and Sewickley (Pennsylvania). He has piloted almost a thousand preachers through the Louvre museum, thereby becoming one of the most competent guides to the masterpieces it contains. Mr. Williams is the pastor of the American Church in Paris, and part of his job is to entertain and edify visiting sky-pilots from Kansas and California, Virginia and Vermont; that is, to serve as a sort of guide, interpreter and friend. One result is that he has become an expert in the history and architecture of Paris, with the Louvre and Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre as his specialties.

At first (Mr. Williams has told me so himself) he didn't know so very much about the Louvre and its treasures; but, with each succeeding visit, his knowledge grew, especially as he answered the thousand and one questions fired at him by his brethren of the cloth. Today, he knows where all the great masterpieces are located; he can explain the distinctive merits of each; and he can give an accurate, thumb-nail sketch of the important painters and sculptors represented. In the beginning, he consulted a guide-book; months ago, he allowed the guidebook to slumber in his library, since he has become an animated guide-book himself.

Somebody is sure to ask, is Mr. Williams alone in this respect? No; he is not; but his imitators and rivals are rather scarce, perhaps a squad or two. For his comrades, exceptions aside, are in no sense experts, and make no claim to be, on Rubens, Da Vinci or Corot. Their defense is that they haven't been compelled to escort a thousand art-hungry clergymen through the stately,

historic corridors of the Louvre. If they had, who knows?—perhaps. . . . Their escorting has been done elsewhere; my husband has guided a lot of newspapermen about Paris, but it was never to call upon the Venus de Milo, the Mona Lisa, and the Winged Victory of Samothrace. Most often, I fear, it was to admire other ladies, such as Mistinguett, Josephine Baker, and Suzy Solidor, in places such as the Bal Tabarin and the Folies Bergere, where instruction in the classic arts is not part of the program.

When it comes to drinking, no facile generalization can cover all the Legionnaires now residing in France. I know three (perhaps there are others) who, whether from steadfastness or obstinacy, are still aboard the water wagon; they limit their beverages to soft drinks, tea and coffee. Others divide their allegiance between American whisky and French cognac, between cocktails and *aperitifs*. Nearly all of them have wine served daily at their dinner tables, and even allow their children to drink *vin ordinaire* diluted with water. Indeed, the average Legionnaire is as good a connoisseur of wine as the average Frenchman but that, my friends, is no compliment to either. For real connoisseurs are rare, very rare, whether they first saw the light of day in Bayonne (B. P.) or Bayonne (N. J.) I must also note the creditable fact that the great majority of the A. E. F. exiles have learned how to drink with French moderation.

A few paragraphs back, we referred to *Seeing Nellie Home*. Maybe her name wasn't Nellie; perhaps it was Irene, or Sylvia, or Dorothy; at all events, I can assure my American sisters that our A.E.F. exiles remember. Yes, they are good husbands and fond fathers, but this has not caused them to forget the American girl (now happily wed, I hope, to Somebody Else) who first caused their youthful hearts to flutter. When I visited the United States some years ago, I experienced the joy of being introduced to one of these girls, and I really had to admire the good taste of my husband. We speedily became good friends; why not? Nor is my case unique. For we French wives have remarked that our A.E.F. husbands remain particularly responsive to the appeal of American femininity. When there is a reception at Pershing Hall, for example, when the time comes to depart, when we begin looking for our husbands, almost invariably we find them in friendly and animated conversation with—an attractive American woman. If it were always the same woman, it might worry us; but since it isn't, we smile and we understand.

As I close these impromptu musings, I wish to emphasize the service—real, vital and significant—which these A.E.F. exiles render to their country, the land which some of them will never see again. Directly and indirectly, they serve the United States. The typical Legionnaire living in France (Continued on page 46)

★ ★ ★ HENNESSY COGNAC BRANDY



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84 PROOF

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A. E. F. Husbands, 1939 Style

(Continued from page 45)

shuns pompous language; he would never refer to himself as an ambassador; and yet, most definitely, he has been rendering ambassadorial services for almost two decades. Shall I call the roll informally? Ex-Commander Harold L. Smith, formerly of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, is the ambassador of Hollywood motion pictures (the Will Hays organization) with plenty of perplexing knots, diplomatic and undiplomatic, to untie each month. Commander S. P. Bailey, who hails from Minneapolis, is a high official in a "banking em-

bassy" from New York. Ex-Commander James L. McCann, from Alabama-way, is the envoy extraordinary of American typewriters.

The list could be continued to comprise in addition, Schenectady motors, New York newspapers, California fruit canneries, and Chicago meat packers. Although the A.E.F. expatriate lives under the French flag, he may provide work for fifty, a hundred, or a thousand of his compatriots in Massachusetts, Mississippi or Montana.

Finally, merely as an individual, the

American Legionnaire in France is puissant, human advertisement for the United States. By his daily comings and goings, devoid of all eccentricity, by his family life and his community activities in "the American City of Paris," he convinces his French neighbors that America is something better and nobler than the pictures luridly headlined in the tabloids. He lives 3,000 miles from his homeland, but America has no more loyal citizen than he, and I, a French woman, am glad to set this truth down plainly for all to read.

G-2 Stuff

(Continued from page 9)

used on land. For a really good code has to be written or printed, each word or phrase of the clear text being coupled with some code word. The number of words used in military communications is so large that this means a fair-sized code dictionary, and there is always danger of the dictionary getting into the hands of the enemy. It is said that the disastrous failure of the Nivelle offensive of 1917 was due largely to the fact that a German raiding party found a complete set of operations orders on a dead French officer. They were in code—but in another pocket the officer was carrying his code-book.

AT THE battle of Jutland also the Germans succeeded in stealing part of the British naval code by the simple expedient of setting sharp-eyed officers to watch with glasses when the British dreadnaughts signaled each other by searchlight.

During the afternoon action it did not matter, but when night came, with British destroyers rushing through the dark to deliver their torpedoes, German ships time and again flashed at them the recognition signals that identified English ships. When the destroyers answered they blew them out of the water.

Similarly the Germans lost the best code they had, their great diplomatic code, by a tremendous coup of the British Intelligence Service. From their high-power radio station at Brussels they communicated with German embassies all over the world. Late in 1916 one of the operators at that station was a young man named Alexander Szk, an Austrian who, though the Germans did not know it, had an English mother and English sympathies. The British espionage service reached him, and he stole the code, copying it out slowly, a few words a day. For months after that the English knew

the secret of every German diplomatic radiogram, but they held back the knowledge, waiting for something big to come along.

It came during the spring of 1917—the famous Zimmerman message, with instructions to offer Mexico three American States as the price of distracting our attention from events in Europe. When the British made the message public, they gave instructions to the newspaper men to announce that the Americans had decoded it for themselves, but the Germans do not seem to have been fooled. Alexander Szk mysteriously disappeared.

The big codes, then, failed, and after 1916 seem to have been used only at sea, where they could be kept relatively safe. At the front, for communication with minor units they were replaced with small codes, of the type known as "jargon codes," which are useful for telephone, telegraph or written transmission. This was the type of front-line code used by the American army; most of the message is in clear text but the important words, that would identify bodies of troops or their precise movements, are thrown into a short, simple code, the elements of which can be carried in a man's head.

THIS seems to have been purely an Allied idea. The Germans turned to the opposite system of ciphers. Now the difference between a code and a cipher is this: In a code words mean something else than they say, but in cipher the separate letters of the original message are jumbled up or concealed according to a system, which should be simple enough for a man to carry in his head. All the powers used ciphers for some purposes at the beginning of the war, but they had proved unavailing. In fact it was by solving a cipher that the Germans learned of the movements of the Russian Black

Sea fleet, and were able to plant in its path a mine field that destroyed one of the Tsar's battleships.

The nature of the new German ciphers became clear with the arrest of Lauther Witcke, alias Pablo Waberski, the only spy executed in the United States during the war. He was caught in Texas, the only document in his possession at the time being a sheet of paper whose text was obviously in cipher. It was deciphered by the American Black Chamber experts (Colonel Van Deman, Captain Manly and Captain Yardley) and proved to be a set of credentials identifying the bearer to all German authorities as an authorized spy.

Those credentials were the most important evidence at Witcke's trial, but before that came to pass he tried to smuggle out a ciphered message asking for help. The same army experts solved that cipher also, and what turned out to be more important, they discovered that a crude geometrical diagram Witcke had sketched on the walls of his cell was the key to it. The Allied governments were notified and the diagrams immediately passed along.

They proved exactly the answer to an emergency connected with the Hindu revolutionaries who were directing a plot with headquarters in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and even the Indian police were grateful for the key to the mysterious messages that had been falling into their hands for several weeks, but which they had not been able to unravel.

The two greatest code and cipher coups of the war were also American—one cipher and one code. The latter came in October, 1917, following the last of the great Zeppelin raids on London, when unexpected storm winds at high altitude exhausted the fuel supplies of several of the big gas bags and sent them drifting helplessly across France. The *L-49* came



past American headquarters at Chaumont just at dawn, dragged through the upper branches of a swampy wood and sagged gently to the ground, to be captured complete with crew by an astonished garde champêtre.

Within less than an hour Colonel Richard Williams of American G-2 was on the job. Williams reasoned that a Zeppelin must have a naval code book aboard, since they often did scouting for the submarines, but a careful search failed to reveal anything of the kind on either the captured gas-bag or any of her crew.

Where could it be? The Germans would hardly have thrown it in the water, for the last water they had crossed was the English Channel, and at that time the *L-49* was in no particular danger. It could not have been burned; one touch of fire would have roasted everyone aboard the hydrogen - filled Zeppelin. Therefore (Williams continued his deduction) they could only have destroyed it by tearing it up and throwing the fragments overboard.

If that were true, then the pieces could be found. Gathering a detail of men the G-2 colonel set off through the woods along the trail the Zeppelin had ploughed through the tree-tops. It was rough going, and after an hour of it with no results, Captain Muirhead, the British liaison officer who was one of the party, turned back.

Williams continued on, right into a black-mud swamp, and was glad he did, for less than fifty yards farther he struck oil in the form of a snowstorm of paper scraps. The detail picked them up; soon they had so many they had to send for sacks and a truck, and when night came on with drenching rain, they had gathered twenty gunny-sacks full of the paper scraps.

Williams and his detail began laying them out in the map room at headquarters, and were not having much luck at it when Lieutenant Samuel Hubbard, now a New York cotton broker, strolled in and picked up one of the larger pieces. Hubbard was an amateur yachtsman who had sailed the waters around Denmark; he instantly realized that the piece of paper before him must be a fragment of a code chart—that is a map of the ocean

divided in squares and with each square numbered so that submarines could give their positions. He, Williams and the detail sorted feverishly through the twenty gunny-sacks for more pieces of the same, and before another night had passed he was delivering them to a British Admiralty head who had been pulled from bed, but instantly lost all sleepiness at the sight of the remarkable discovery.

"From that date on we knew the submarine war was a failure," says the German official history of the weeks that followed, when Allied destroyers, guided by the submarines' own radios, dashed straight to the spot where they were lying and sunk five within three weeks—the biggest haul of the war.

The great cipher coup also fell at a crucial hour, in June of 1918, when the successive German drives had made such enormous gains as to render it questionable whether the Allies could hold Paris till American help in knockout proportions reached the battle-lines. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had barely been stopped at the Second Battle of the Marne; they might not be stopped at all in the next drive unless some inkling of where it was destined to fall could be obtained.

Sir Henry Wilson for England insisted it would be toward the Channel Ports; on the French general staff some claimed Compiègne would bear the brunt of the attack, some thought the front before Rheims.

On this particular night in June, while the matter was still uncertain, the air was full of German field-wireless cracklings. They were using a brand new cipher, evidently issued only a day or two before, for it was one none of the Allies had yet solved; and though it was a matter of life and death to know where the troop concentrations being ordered in that new cipher were to take place, there was not the slightest clue.

That is, there was none—until a German-speaking American radio operator with the Rainbow Division, a man whose name is now lost to history, heard this message come through the air, not in cipher, but clear German:

"Rider with copies of new cipher has not reported. Feared killed. Please repeat last message in old cipher."

With strained ears the operator noted down the repeat of the message in the old cipher and instantly dispatched it to headquarters. In the Black Chamber where the staff men toiled over the records of German secret communication they knew all about that old cipher, and when they laid the message side by side with the same text in the new, they were provided with the key to that as well. Before dawn they and the Allied staffs knew that the new German drive would fall east and west of Rheims; and the Gouraud defence that was the death-blow to German hopes of victory followed as naturally as four follows two plus two.



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Rouge Bouquet: From the Depths

(Continued from page 13)

New York City, at the time commanding that one-pounder, he thanked me for explaining the complete disappearance of his gun. Only seconds before he had withdrawn his crew to safety.

I think I was the last man to enter the dugout. Placing my rifle near the forward entrance, I joined a group gathered about Lieutenant Norman. He was injured. Since I had last seen him his P. C. dugout—also on the forward slope of Rocroi—had been wrecked by a direct hit, entombing Privates Arthur V. Hegney and Edward J. Kearney of Headquarters Company. Unable to rescue them, Lieutenant Norman had barely managed to extricate himself from the debris. Then he had hurried to see that the rest of his men were safe.

Shadows were eerie in the place, the only light being that of half a dozen guttering candles. Of course the air was bad, as the floor was some forty feet underground. Timbers supporting the roof, ten feet high, were near four years old. The forward stairs turned at right angles half way down. A rear entrance had a straight stairway.

Naturally, there was an atmosphere of tension as echoes came to our ears from bursting projectiles above. Occasionally the timbers trembled from the concussion. Dirt sifted down. Gases from the exploded shells were siphoned through from one entrance to the other. But if there was no feeling of great security, neither was there the slightest indication of fear among the twenty-five men gathered under those rotting timbers.

My recollections of time passing are vague. Several incidents still stand out clearly, however. I recall that Lieutenant Norman dispatched Private Edward Corbett with a message, reducing our number to twenty-four. Lucky Corbett! I can still see slim Bill Drain cast an anxious look at the trembling timbers above us and silently slide under the lowest tier of the bunks that lined the dugout walls. His action prompted in my mind an odd recollection from schooldays, to which I undoubtedly owe my life. In a fire drill lecture at high school I recalled that the speaker had told us if we were caught in a crush of people to extend our arms upward so that pressure of surrounding bodies would force us up and above the others. It was a passing thought, but seconds later it resulted in

mechanical action. I was standing in the center of the dugout at the time, listening to Lieutenant Norman. Despite his severe injuries he was cautioning us to be ready to man the trenches immediately the barrage lightened, to repel any following attack.

Then it came. A thud directly overhead more severe than any before. Attending the detonation came chaos. Beams crashed. Tons of earth and stones cas-

mine. Caught with a beam across his shoulders he was struggling to hold the timber up for the protection of men held beneath it. Despite his husky build, his legs gradually gave way as his burden grew. Interspersed with prayers, he was first telling me, then muttering to his mother, of the gallant fight he was making. And then there was a crash and silence as the gaining weight above forced him down to his death.

My first thoughts must have been plain terror.

I think what restored my reason and brought calm resignation was the muffled voice of Lieutenant Norman. I heard someone ask the lieutenant how he was. He replied calmly, "I have a plank through my stomach." Then added

in his marked Swedish accent, "We must die. We are fighting for a good cause. It is worth while. Let us die like men." He remained conscious for some time after that. As his strength ebbed away I could hear his gradually weakening voice attempting to comfort those near him.

Resigned to my fate, I gave myself to prayer—prayers for my parents, the Lord's Prayer. Making my peace with God, I was no longer afraid.

Of voices reaching me in the next hour or so I remember one, above a pattern of contradictions of character. Men whom I had prejudged as sure to prove heroes in action died whimpering, or with fierce curses on their fate. Others of whom I had had my doubts when we should face combat, died quietly, nobly, with religious resignation. The one whose memory I cherish above all others was freckle-faced Bill Drain. In training, Bill had been the outstanding detail-dodger in our platoon. Now, with only a broken leg, safe beneath the bunk where he had forehandedly taken refuge, and where it appeared he had as good a chance of being rescued as any one of us, Bill Drain was the most cheerful man in that wrecked dugout. His every comment breathed unselfish courage. Of all, he alone sought to implant the hope of rescue among survivors.

All sense of time vanished as I felt the dirt creeping up my body, when suddenly new voices, gay voices, reached my ears down the dugout stairs. I recognized the voice as belonging to big Corporal Smeltzer and husky, broad-shouldered Corporal Douglas McKenzie. Apparently

KILLED IN ACTION—AT ROUGE BOUQUET

First Lieutenant John A. Norman.

Corporal Edward Sullivan.

Privates George Adkins, Michael Ahearn, Patrick Britt, Arthur Christfully, William Drain, William Ellinger, Philip S. Finn, Michael Galvin, John J. Hospel, Edward J. Kelly, James B. Kennedy, Peter Laffey, John J. LeGall, Charles T. Luginsland, Frank Meagher, William A. Moylan, William H. Sage, Robert Snyder, all of E Company.

Private Oscar Ammon, F Company.

caded. I remember only the crash. Thoughts ceased. I only know that I found myself in the doorway of the forward entrance, hands extended over my head. How I got there from the center of the dugout I will never know. But I could not move. A broken timber on my foot held me fast. Swiftly a flood of loose dirt and rocks rose above my ankles and up my legs as through a gigantic funnel. The earth from above poured down. It seemed to spread, filling in the back of the dugout more rapidly than the forward end, but also debris was sifting down the stairs. Whether concussion from the dugout collapse, or another projectile exploding near the stairway caused the damage there I do not know. I am only sure that dirt was burying me from two directions.

Of course no lights survived the collapse. Choking dust and gas stench filled the suffocating darkness. Cries and moans at first were a blur of sound, with agony the keynote. Many must have died immediately. It is my guess that at least half of the victims suffocated within a few minutes of the collapse.

Nearest to me were two men I recognized by their voices, slight, boyish Private Raymond and gentle, gray-haired Private McCormick, in civil life the first an office worker, the other a prison guard. Crowded into the farthest corner, my body shielded them in large degree from the sifting dirt, but at the same time it blocked the entrance preventing any attempt by them at escape.

Private William Ellinger was somewhere near me. I believe his body touched

at the moment they were ignorant of the tragedy at the bottom of the dugout stairs, nor did they know the condition of the stairs beyond the turn where they stood. Yet their weight as they moved about added to the precipitation of dirt upon me. Soldier fashion they were laughing over some close escape from shell-fire, before they had found refuge in our dugout entrance. The contrast of laughter above while comrades lay dead and doomed all about me drove me berserk.

"For God's sake stop laughing! Men are dying down here!" I cried out. "Get an air hose! Do something to get us out!" Death from suffocation seemed to me our most likely fate just then.

Their laughter ceased and bravely Corporal McKenzie started crawling down in the darkness. Feeling his way, he saw that no steps remained. Without hesitation he came head first, slipping and sliding on his belly, tearing with his hands at broken boards from the bulwark and stairs. The open passage was hardly the size of his body. At any minute the walls might collapse on him, yet he never thought of turning back. His body released more earth from the broken sides and from beneath him, sending it cascading down on me. The accumulation of sifting dirt had about reached my chin. With my arms still above my head I managed to use my tin hat as a shovel to keep from being completely buried. For what seemed an eternity I did not know whether McKenzie's heroic effort would result in rescue or burial alive.

For what happened when Corporal McKenzie did reach me at last, recognizing me by my voice, is only to be explained by the stress of his efforts, and nervous tension.

"You!" he snorted in disgust, pushing my face aside with his open hand. "Where's Frank?" Naturally first on his mind was his own brother-in-law, Frank Meagher. When I told him I was sure Meagher had been one of the first to die, he accepted the loss manfully and at once did what he could to help us all. Corporal Smeltzer had followed McKenzie down the stairs. Utilizing our tin hats as shovels, passing them back old-fashioned fire bucket brigade, slowly, how slowly, we made progress, not only toward my own relief but simultaneously clearing the way for rescue of Raymond and McCormick. Other members of the regiment eventually came to assist in passing the dirt in our hats along the upper stairway.

It was long after midnight before the dirt holding me prisoner was lowered to my hips. McCormick, a man of 45, was the first to be passed to the top. As Raymond started to follow I suddenly realized that my numbed foot still was held fast by the fallen timber. Fortunately it had caught me across the toe of my shoe, which was oversize, but buried as I was I could not be freed from above. I had a jackknife which I could reach. I debated

the possibility of amputating the leg myself to get free. It was a lot to ask of Raymond to endanger his own assured escape, if in struggling to free me, he should bring on a new landslide in the darkness, imprisoning himself again. Told of my predicament, he heroically delayed his own rescue to aid me. It was quite a struggle he had, tugging and pulling with all his slight strength to free me, but success at last crowned our efforts and after some twelve hours facing death I crawled upwards to again breathe God's fresh air. Standing in the cold darkness, I felt reborn again.

But the *strafing* still went on. Proceeding on orders to report at headquarters, I again was right alongside sudden death. Private Kelly was killed by my side, Private Navin wounded by the same high explosive shell. I guided the bearers carrying Navin to a First Aid station before reporting to my company commander, Captain Cavanaugh. There my nerves gave way completely, I was trembling and weeping in hysteria, as I poured out the details of the tragedy. When I regained control of myself I asked and received permission to return and aid in the rescue work. I wanted to help save my buddies as I had been saved. I knew that unless I saw the thing through I would never again be able to look my comrades in the face.

Back at the wrecked dug-out I found the work of rescue organized under the efficient direction of Lieutenant Tarr, a small ex-bank clerk whom once the company had looked at askance. Down at the bottom of the wrecked entrance by the light of a single candle he supervised attempts to free the nearest man, filling bags with earth and passing them back to the top, hand to hand, from soldier to soldier, as we had done with our iron hats. New cave-ins constantly impeded the work. Repeatedly the candle would go out. Fresh concussions made the walls of the stairway tremble, causing new cave-ins, as shells and giant *minenwerfer* still fell outside. One such concussion knocked me from midway on the last slope of the stairway to the bottom of the dugout. The entire rescue party was in constant danger of entombment.

Tarr's men had made considerable progress in clearing out the dirt nearest the forward entrance. Digging towards the center of the dugout, they had found a man still alive. Tugging to free him, each pull resulted in releasing a fresh torrent of earth from above, undoing all progress and threatening the nearest rescue workers. Eventually I was told the poor devil went insane from repeated disappointments before he had to be abandoned.

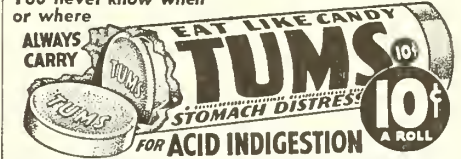
It was Drain I wanted rescued—and he could have been. I saw what I thought was an easy way to get Bill out, for beyond a sloping earth drift I could see the row of bunks under which he had taken refuge were almost intact.

"Get Drain (Continued on page 50)"

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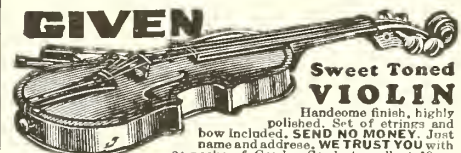


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Rouge Bouquet: From the Depths

(Continued from page 49)

first," I cried. "It will only take a few minutes' work."

Hearing me, Drain called out, "Never mind." He repeated his brave call, "Don't bother about me, save the others."

Those were the last words I ever heard from brave Bill Drain. At that moment a fresh concussion above resulted in a new avalanche, burying the lone candle. Because I knew the way to company headquarters, Lieutenant Tarr ordered me to go for a fresh supply of candles. Perhaps, too, I was still hysterical beyond my own knowing and the lieutenant wanted to get me out.

I guess I was still a little goofy, for enroute to the P. C. I saw what I thought was an enemy spy signaling in lights by dots and dashes from within our new lines. Trying to decide where duty lay between the need of the rescue party for light and the capture of an enemy who might be responsible for the continued

shelling, I believed the seizure of the spy was paramount. Organizing a surprise party, we dashed to the spot where the signals came from to find the supposed signals were hot coals dropping through the grate of a French field kitchen.

Arrived back with the candles, I was ordered on sentry duty in the front lines to replace a soldier suddenly stricken ill. I stood on alert two hours. Utterly exhausted upon my relief, I slept the clock around, then hurried back to the wrecked dugout. I found that further attempts at rescue had been abandoned after five bodies had been recovered.

Still believing Drain might be alive and that his rescue was possible, I again made my way down into the dugout, this time by the rear entrance. There I found the dirt piled solidly against the bottom stairs. I called for Drain and others, again and again. There was no answer. Thinking that it might be because of

their weakness that I could hear no reply, I returned to the forward entrance. Fear gripped me as I stumbled and slid down the broken slope into the black tomb for the last time. Again I called, until the echo of my own voice suddenly overcame me with lonely terror. Then, espying my rifle, which still stood where I had originally placed it when I had first entered the dugout, I seized it and scrambled in mad flight from that chamber of awful horror.

MANY were decorated, some posthumously, as a result of the happenings at Rouge Bouquet. It is my fervent wish that belatedly the memory of Private William Drain be similarly honored, for it is my sincere belief that his generous cry, "Don't bother about me, save the others," deserves the same eternal fame among soldiers as Joyce Kilmer's poem.

Mississippi's 43-Day Parade

(Continued from page 27)

purchase of this appliance, which is designed for the treatment of patients suffering from certain ailments by artificially produced fever, and by controlled body temperature. The cabinet is large enough to accomodate patients weighing up to 250 pounds, and is thoroughly equipped. Hines Hospital had one such cabinet which has been in use for more than a year, but with limited facilities it was possible to treat only one or two cases a day.

The purchase of the equipment was suggested by Legionnaire Earl A. Gordon, member of Forges Post, who learned of the condition when visiting the hospital.

Send for Stinky

JUST a word to membership chairmen. If you have a particularly acute membership problem, if membership lags and you don't know what to do about it, send for Stinky. He and his cousins have been doing marvels out in Kansas, according to Department Adjutant Click Cowger, and he is just getting into his stride. As a membership promoter, Stinky has a system all his own. In fact his one great talent, peculiarly his own, gets him in and out of places closed to all others.

Stinky is a skunk, and as a membership getter he is a wow.

Now it seems almost universally agreed that a skunk is a poor sort of a playfellow; at least his method of

announcing his presence in a community is not generally appreciated. However, there are skunks and skunks, and Stinky is one of the good skunks.

It all came about in this way. Errett P. Scrivner, Chairman of the Department Membership Committee, came to the conclusion that he must devise some new method to stimulate early membership enrollment. A skunk might do the trick, so he carried seven little skunks—all properly deodorized—to the Department Convention at Salina. These he presented to the Junior Commander of each Legion District, with instructions to get busy. Since Stinky and his collaborators started to work the Posts have had but very little difficulty in collecting from delinquents. Stinky is the especial pet of H. S. (Mike) Hicks, Junior Commander of the Second District, who is out in front in number of Posts over the top.

Sylvester works for Ray Wright, of McPherson, Junior Commander of the Fifth District, and is no less efficient as a dues collector. Harry B. Dorst Post, of McPherson, reported a paid-up membership of 112 within a week after Sylvester began working there. Another one of these efficiency experts changed hands forty-five times in one day at Arkansas City.

The method is: The membership chairman sends his skunk to that Post in his district which is lowest in membership. It is then given into the custody of a delinquent Legionnaire and stays with

him until his dues are paid and this Legionnaire has found another who is in arrears. He passes the skunk to the delinquent comrade. This routine goes on and on, while the membership list grows. Each animal is provided with a wooden cage and each has a harness and leash.

Skunks may be skunks, but these skunks, working for the Legion, have produced unusually satisfactory results.

Another Hundred Percenter

READERS of the Keeping Step department will recall that in the April, 1938 number, mention was made of the fine Americanism work carried on by John A. Boechat Post, of Buffalo, New York, with especial mention of the monument erected as a memorial to the soldier, who gave his life in the World War, for whom the Post was named. Now it seems that this Post has another claim to distinction, a place in the roll of one hundred percenters—that is, of the sixteen Legionnaires who have commanded the Post since its organization in 1919 all are still active in Legion work.

The picture of this unusual group of Past Post Commanders was taken on the occasion of a reunion breakfast held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boechat, the parents of John A. Boechat, with whom the members of the Post have maintained the closest relations throughout the years. Many of the Post members were school and classmates of the young

soldier whose memory they honor and much of the fine school assistance program carried on at Lafayette High School has been accomplished in his name.

The Past Commanders are: First row, left, Robert M. O'Reilly, Garnet Williams, Riverera M. Stevens, Charles Sellers; back row, left, Robert Blakeslee, Cyrus Johnson, Frank Amrose, Earl Thomas; first row, right, Ralph Parks, Claud Eggleston, William Wilson, Ralph Hunt; back row, right, Arthur Dils, Charles L. Baetzhold, Alfred Wilson, and Sylvester A. Kolassa. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boechat are standing by the monument to their son.

Promoting Good Citizenship

AN UNIQUE good citizenship campaign "to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation" was conducted by Walter C. Lee Post, of Walla Walla, Washington, just prior to the November general election. Its campaign was directed at the individual citizen who is slow in registering and sometimes does not take the trouble to go to the polls to cast his or her vote. No partisan issues were involved, citizens were urged to "vote as you please, but vote," as one of the duties and obligations of citizenship. The campaign to register voters is not new in the Legion, but the method employed offers a new idea, and a new youth activity leading to the teaching of the principles of good citizenship.

"Walter C. Lee Post's good citizenship campaign was conducted by its Americanism Committee," says Legionnaire Claude M. Gray, who edits the Post's *Legion Record*. "School children were

enlisted to encourage residents of the city to register and to cast their vote on election day. Started a bare three weeks before the end of the registration period, one hundred and thirteen children entered the campaign and accounted for a total of four hundred and forty-eight registrations.

"Prizes of a bicycle, a football or a tennis racquet, and twenty-five theater tickets were put up for award to winners in the campaign. The girl who won the first prize accounted for one hundred and five registrants. Each participant was given a certificate of Good Citizenship signed by the Post officers.

"The plan was endorsed by the central committees of both major political parties and was carried out on a strictly non-partisan basis. Walla Walla's registration officer, Ray Appling, Legionnaire City Clerk, kept the record of the contestants in his office, where frequent counts were made and a high degree of public interest maintained. Cameron Sherwood, Chairman of the Committee in charge, emphasized that it was the duty of good citizens to register and to vote if they expect to have good government."

Friendship Hill

ONE of the most historic landmarks in southwestern Pennsylvania, center of the political, cultural and industrial life of a large area at the close of the eighteenth century and for the first quarter of the nineteenth, is the Friendship Hill estate. This was the home of Albert Gallatin, Revolutionary patriot, statesman, diplomat and industrialist. The estate lies in Fayette County, five miles from Point (Continued on page 52)

Be a McNess Man

**No Time Like
Now to Get in...
Make up to \$75 a week**

It's no trick to make up to \$12 a day when you use your car as a McNess "Store on Wheels."

Farmers are buying everything they can from McNess men. Attractive business-getting prizes, also money-saving deals to customers make selling McNess daily necessities a snap. This business is depression-proof.

We Supply Capital—Start Now!

There's no better work anywhere—pays well, permanent, need no experience to start and we supply capital to help you get started quick. You start making money first day. Write at once for McNess Dealer Book—tells all—no obligation. (92-13)

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If you've never tried Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR, we urge you to do so when next you have an attack. ASTHMADOR's aromatic fumes reduce the acuteness of the paroxysm, help you breathe more freely. Throat and all over the world are never without ASTHMADOR. At all drug stores in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form—or write for a free sample.

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This ad may bring relief to thousands

**THOUSANDS INSURED
FOR \$1.00 A MONTH**

**One Half Regular Rate First 5 Years
Policy Mailed for FREE Inspection**

A new low-cost Special 20-payment Life Insurance Policy is offered without Doctor's examination, if you are in good health and under age of 55; liberal cash and loan values! Double Indemnity! **SEND NO MONEY!** No agent will call! Just write American Life and Acc. Ins. Co., 227-B American Life Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., sending your full name, date of birth, race, height, weight, duties of occupation, name and relationship of your beneficiary, and condition of your health. Your policy will be mailed at once. Save by mail—Write NOW.

**MANY NEVER
SUSPECT CAUSE
OF BACKACHES**

**This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



John A. Boechat Post, Buffalo, New York, is another hundred percenter, with all Past Commanders in active service. Picture above was taken at the monument and with the parents of the young soldier for whom the Post was named

Mississippi's 43-Day Parade

(Continued from page 51)

Marion—home of Samuel Hager Post, The American Legion.

For some time the members of Samuel Hager Post have held the belief that this fine old home should be preserved as a national monument in memory of a great American and are now, in cooperation with the Friendship Hill Association, endeavoring to raise the necessary funds to complete purchase and make certain restorations.

The name of Albert Gallatin, a native of Switzerland who when but nineteen years old joined Washington in the Revolutionary struggle, looms large in the history of the formative days of the Republic. His home at Friendship Hill was established in 1786, when, soon after, he established the first glass factory west of the Alleghenies and settled down to an industrial career.

But within a short time he was called to public service in his adopted State and in national affairs, serving as Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinets of Presidents Jefferson and Madison; as a member of Congress; as Minister to France from 1816 to 1823; as Envoy Extraordinary to London, 1826-1827, and as head of the peace mission to Russia. He has been credited with being most influential in bringing about the Treaty of Ghent closing the war of 1812.

The present stone house at Friendship Hill is the second one, completed in 1823. General Lafayette was entertained in this home in May, 1825, when, as the nation's honored guest, he paid his farewell visit to America.

Membership Record

VAN BUREN POST, of Chicago, Illinois, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Armistice with appropriate ceremonies, then, in a ceremony conducted by Post Commander Oliver T. Delingham, inducted one hundred and forty-one new members into the Post. Post Publicity Officer Joseph Long believes that this class sets a new high mark for members obligated in any one Post on one day in the Department of Illinois. Sergeant Edward S. Younger, who selected the body now resting in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, was a guest of honor at the ceremony.

New Home for Boise Post

THE committee in charge of plans for a new home for John Regan Post, of Boise, Idaho, have given the "go ahead" signal for the construction of a building in one of the most favorable sites in the city, just outside the business district. The new home, sixty by ninety feet in size, is estimated to cost \$10,000. According to Post Adjutant Dan F. Banks, all matters of finance have been cleared—the Post has \$4,000 in its treasury, and the balance pledged by the sale of \$25 non-interest bearing bonds, which were taken by Legionnaires.

The building will provide quarters for the Post and its Auxiliary, Boise Voiture, Forty and Eight, the Eight and Forty, Sons of The American Legion, and the

Boy Scout Troop sponsored by the Post. John Regan Post has owned the site for several years, but had determined not to build until all funds to care for construction costs had been provided.

Hands Across the Border

IN FURTHERANCE of the spirit of international good-will, Metropolitan Post, of Detroit, Michigan, has provided a challenge cup to be awarded in the annual pistol and rifle competitions between the Scottish Highlanders and the Essex Regiment (Tank Corps), crack Canadian military organizations. The cup was presented to the Essex Regiment at their armory at Windsor, Ontario, by Past Commander Wallace J. Howells, and was accepted by Colonel George Y. Masson. Following the presentation, Colonel Masson and his staff entertained the delegation from Metropolitan Post, which, in addition to Past Commander Howells, was composed of Senior Vice Commander Val Nerger, Adjutant Art Karey, and Past Commander Lem Ogden.

Another notable contribution to the spirit of good-will and understanding was the participation of members of Massena (New York) Post in the Remembrance Day services conducted by the Canadian Legion at Morrisburg and Cornwall, Ontario. In such sharp contrast to the relations between nations in other parts of the world, this fraternal gathering was the subject of editorial comment in newspapers on both sides of the border.



Christmas comes but once a year, but it is always a busy season for the members of Hawthorne (New Jersey) Post. Above, a glimpse of the stock of toys, clothing, food baskets and general Christmas cheer collected and distributed to underprivileged children in the Post's area

In reporting the Armistice and Remembrance Day ceremonies, R. E. Peters, Commander of Massena Post, says: "On the Sunday preceding Armistice Day a delegation of fifteen members of Massena Post assisted the Canadian Legion at Morrisburg, Ontario, in the observance of their Remembrance Day memorial service. And on Armistice Day, thirty uniformed members of the Post participated in the parade and Remembrance memorial service held by the Canadian Legion at Cornwall, Ontario. In neither case was this the first time that Massena Post had participated in events held by these two Canadian groups. It was the first time, however, that the friendly interchange was commented on editorially by the newspapers."

Golden Gloves Fund

PLAIN DEALER POST of Cleveland, Ohio, has been named as the beneficiary of the eleventh annual Golden Gloves tournament which is sponsored by the newspaper whose name the Post bears, and which will be held in Public Hall, Cleveland, January 26, 27, 30, and February 3d. It has been the custom of the newspaper in former years to turn the entire net proceeds over to charity.

Front and Center

(Continued from page 1)

GOLD AND PRICES

To the Editor: Gold no longer has any relation to the spirit of American business men such as Mr. Hormel, or Mr. Ford, or Myron Taylor. The Midland Bank of England says: "Gold is a store of value." It says the reason for gold being a store of value, is the report of the Bank of International Settlements, in the June Federal Reserve Bulletin."

T. E. Gregory, the Bank of England's new adviser to The Federal Reserve Bank of India, says: "Ten men guide the destinies of the World." Miss Eleanor Dulles, a former World War worker and economist for the Social Security Board,

Post Commander Al E. Hersh has announced that the Post has decided to follow a disposal plan by distributing all profits through the Give-a-Christmas Fund. War veterans of Greater Cleveland will be the beneficiaries under the plan of distribution.

Last Five Club

THE organization of Last Man Clubs is nothing new in the Legion. There are literally hundreds of them, varying in size and activity. It has remained for Weehawken (New Jersey) Post to ring a change on the old idea and, in the belief that a one-man party is a pretty lonesome affair, organized a Last Five Club. The customary bottle of French cognac has been supplied and will repose in a vault in the Town Hall until the group of forty-five has dwindled down to five. The charter roll was closed permanently at the first annual dinner held on Armistice Eve, and the membership is restricted to the forty-five members of Weehawken Post who sat at the banquet table and swapped reminiscences of twenty years ago, and speculated on the future. John J. Pugsley was selected as President of the Weehawken Last Fives.

BOYD B. STUTLER

names the ten men. Dr. Gregory says rising world prices, based on gold, depend upon the restoration of foreign trade. Dr. Walter Bagehot says high prices are necessary for steel corporations and coal mining companies.

The Roman Empire had more than \$2,000,000,000 in gold at the time of Octavius and Marcus Aurelius. When gold became a store of value, the world passed into the thousand years of the dark ages.

My prayers go out to those ten men in the Bank of International Settlements.—FRANK W. STREET, *St. Paul, Minnesota.*

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ARTHUR E. MITCHELL, Stanley Hardman Post, Trinidad, Colorado.
KARL DETZER, Leelanue County Post, Leland, Michigan.
FRANK STREET, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.
J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Wimmer (South Dakota) Post.
JEANNE MONTÉGUT RAGNER, Auxiliary Unit, Paris (France) Post.
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
FAIRFAX DOWNEY, Second Division Post, New York City.
LOUIS CAPRON, Palm Beach (Florida) Post.
ERNEST PAYNTER, San Pedro (California) Post.
WILLIAM HEASLIP, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
E. MELVILLE PRICE, a founder of Crosscup-Pishon Post, Boston, Massachusetts.
RAYMOND SISLEY, Pacific Post, West Los Angeles, California.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. © 1938, C. P. INC.

Get this hand-some instrument. NOW. Here's how. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU with 24 packets of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send \$2.40 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address: LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY, Station 167, Paradise, Pennsylvania



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THE AMERICAN LEGION
MAGAZINE

P. O. BOX 1357
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

General on K. P.

(Continued from page 33)

chinist (T) and assigned to the *Siboney* while she was still under construction. I served aboard her until September, 1919."

Come on, gobs, and all the rest of you, with some of your better wartime pictures—pictures that show some movement or "action" in them. We'll be glad to consider them for illustrations for Then and Now. No group pictures, please.

ALTHOUGH certainly not on the official—or unofficial—schedule of training, soldiers in off moments took plenty of barracks exercise in the form of rolling the dice or shuffling the cardboards. One such group is in a picture (on page 33) we received from Floyd W. Freeman of 22 Parker Avenue, Cranford, New Jersey, who belongs to Cranford Post of the Legion. Comrade Freeman doesn't admit it in his letter of transmittal, but we might assume that the exercise photographed was part of the ground training at the Air Field where he served. Go ahead with the story, Freeman:

"The enclosed snapshot is one of my mementoes of service some twenty years ago. It shows a little Sunday afternoon card game being played in Squadron B Barracks, the date of which I cannot now recall. But perhaps some of the gang can do so, after they see this picture. It was taken at Rich Field, near Waco, Texas.

"We were all what I will have to term 'pick and shovel' aviators, at least until we got organized and assigned to our regular duties as aviation mechanics and so on, wherever we happened to fit in. Reading from left to right around the table, we have Sergeant 1st Class Thomas Murphy, Private 1st Class George W. Hancock, myself who held the rank of sergeant and was known as 'Pop,' Chauffeur 1st Class Paul Oberwitte; in the rear, we have Sergeant 1st Class Hugh G. Roloson (nursing the corncob pipe), and Private 1st Class John W. Muldoon, the latter relaxing on the old man and on Hancock.

"If I remember correctly, five of this group came to Rich Field on November 21, 1917, with the original 150th Aero Squadron, and Comrade Muldoon was transferred to us, I think, from the 171st Aero Squadron, when the last-named outfit left for France.

"At the present time I have records showing the names of fifty-seven members of the 150th Aero Squadron as it came out of Kelly Field, and if any of our original gang can recognize the fellows in the picture and will write to me, I think it would be great if we could arrange for some sort of a reunion. During the Legion National Convention in New York City in 1937, former Sergeant D. C. Garretson of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and I

tried to gather together the Jersey men who served at Rich Field for a reunion, but without much success. Let's get together, fellows, for a real reunion. Write to me."

IN CONNECTION with the subject of captured enemy flags that was partly covered in these columns last issue, we want to report that last spring we received this letter from Walter D. Kipp of Charlemont, Massachusetts, in which you will note he tells of a prize that he had at that time:

"I have in my possession, as a souvenir of the World War, a very unusual trophy, one that is probably the only one of its kind in America.

"It is the standard of his former Imperial Highness, the Kaiser of Austria, and actually flew over his head during the war. It is about seven feet square, red and black border, yellow center with the two black eagles, and has the original label in German.

"I brought this flag home from the ex-Austro-Hungarian ship, the *Radetzky*, to which I was attached after her capture.

"Could you give me the names of any organizations that have large World War trophy collections and might be interested in acquiring this flag? I have had the flag for twenty years and it is really too good for one individual to have in his home."

We suggested the museum at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis as a fit repository for this trophy, but have had no word since from Comrade Kipp as to what disposition he has made of it.

AND now for some more purely personal souvenirs of the war—souvenirs that are awaiting their owners, no less.

From Legionnaire William Herda Smith, a counsellor at law at 510 Highland Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, came this letter some months ago:

"You will kindly be advised that I have in my possession a mess-kit and canteen, with the inscription 'J. E. Sears, Company L, 13th Regiment, A. E. F., 1918-1919,' engraved upon it. This mess-kit was picked up in France and I am satisfied that the owner might want to regain possession of it.

"If Comrade Sears or any of his friends read this and report where he is—giving information that will identify him as the rightful owner—I will be very happy to send this war memento to him."

Another desire to return a souvenir was expressed in a letter from Legionnaire Theo. H. Schror, formerly of Company B, 304th Machine Gun Battalion, 77th Division, who is now a jeweler and en-

graver at 8 Platt Street, Albion, New York:

"I have been trying for sixteen years or more to locate a comrade who lost a Bible that I found at Vaux, France, during the War. I have spent a great deal of postage in this search, and Procter & Gamble of Cincinnati was very kind in listing my request among others on its radio broadcasts, but to no avail.

"Now I am appealing to you to see if we can locate the owner of the Bible, if he is still alive, or his relatives if he has gone West.

"On the front inside page is written a verse in English in red ink. I have received many letters but as yet no one has been able to repeat the verse, and I want to be assured that the rightful owner has the Bible restored to him. I trust we will find the owner."

THE Company Clerk can happily report that many, many souvenirs have found their way back to the men to whom they belonged during the War. For instance, you will probably recall an illustration for Then and Now in the Legion Magazine of February, 1938, showing a khaki wallet containing a picture of a woman and six children. That wallet had been found by Supply Sergeant Frank Kessler of Company C, 7th U. S. Engineers, Fifth Division, in a turn-in of equipment. It contained also a crucifix and a small medal such as are worn by members of the Roman Catholic Church. Through the wallet were two bullet holes. No name or other identification was available.

The picture of the wallet with the report that Comrade Kessler had found it came to us from Adjutant William J. Gannon of Pennsauken Township (New Jersey) Post. A half year went by and we had despaired of finding the owner of the wallet, or his relatives, when in August this letter came from Comrade Gannon:

"In Then and Now of February, 1938, you featured the article 'Killed, Wounded, Missing'—a story of a khaki-covered wallet found among wartime mementoes by Comrade Frank Kessler of Delair, New Jersey, a member of our Post.

"Through that article and with the coöperation of the War Department records, Comrade Kessler has been able to turn over this wallet to Mrs. Marcella Frances Frederick of Beachmont, Massachusetts, the mother of Charles Frederick, Company C, Seventh Engineers, Fifth Division, who was killed in action November 5, 1918. I enclose the letter received from Mrs. Frederick.

"Sad though the termination of his quest, Comrade Kessler is happy in the thought that through the assistance of our Legion Magazine this memento has

reached those to whom it rightfully belongs."

The letter that Kessler received from Mrs. Frederick read: "I certainly was surprised to hear from one who knew my son, who was killed in action November 5, 1918, in the World War. The picture you enclosed was of my children. If you have anything belonging to my son Charles, I would be very grateful to you for it and would appreciate it very much if you sent it to me."

After Mrs. Frederick's identification of the picture, the wallet and its contents were promptly sent to her.

REMEMBER the old shin-plaster type of paper money that, compared with our present bills, looks so huge? And remember what a kick we got when through some luck we happened to acquire one overseas after handling the trick paper money that represented francs and centimes and, for the occupiers of Germany, marks and pfennigs? Well, after twenty years one of those bills—good for only a buck of American money, but worth many times that amount for its sentimental value—has found its way back to its owner.

It all started with this letter from F. W. Storrs, Adjutant of Dickey-Springer Post of Alamosa, Colorado:

"Enclosed herewith one of the old blank-type one-dollar bills, which was turned over to me as Adjutant of our Post, by Mrs. Mary Jane Cole, a seventy-six-year-old lady of our city. Mrs. Cole has had this bill in her safety deposit box for many years and does not remember how she came into possession of it. She has turned it over to our Post to be restored to its rightful owner, or, being unable to do that, to be framed and placed on the walls of our club-room as a war souvenir.

"This bill, as is the case of other mementoes shown in Then and Now, appears to have an interesting history. It seems the bill was sent home by Private Harry E. Jones, Jr., of 298 East Water Street, Chillicothe, Ohio, from 'Somewhere in France' with the A. E. F.—but no indication is given as to whom it was sent to, or any other particulars.

"Jones' name, you will note, with his outfit, Company H, 166th U. S. Infantry, is lettered in ink on the bill, as are the autographs of some of his comrades—Sgt. Chas. Ware, Sgt. John R. Firth, Pvt. E. B. Dugan, Pvt. John Leach, Sgt. H. L. Brown, and others. See notations relative to service of his outfit, in the front lines and so on. Possibly this bill was sent from France by Jones to some of his relatives in the United States.

"I believe Jones, if still alive, would like very much to recover this bill. Possibly you could reproduce both sides of the bill in Then and Now, with the purpose of finding its owner."

Knowing that Federal laws prevent the reproduction of our paper money, we had to take other means of locating our

comrade, Harry E. Jones, Jr. After a letter to Jones at the Chillicothe, Ohio, address shown on the bill was returned to us unclaimed, we asked the Adjutant General's Office for his latest address. The response giving us another Chillicothe address, we knew it would be futile to write to him there.

But in the meantime we had appealed to our friend Irvin C. "Jack" Henry, Editor of *The Ohio Rainbow Reville*, official publication of the Ohio Chapter of The Rainbow Division Veterans Association—knowing that the 166th Infantry was a unit of that Division. We asked if Comrade Jones might be a member of the Ohio Chapter and if so, what his address was. Jack came across immediately with an address in a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio.

A letter dispatched immediately to Jones at that address brought a prompt response—because while he had moved, fortunately it was to another suburb of Cincinnati, 5722 Warren Avenue, Norwood, Ohio. What did Jones have to say, after we had hinted that we had a war souvenir he might like to have, and asked him what his outfit had been? Couldn't tell him outright what it was, as we wanted to be assured the bill would reach the right hands. Listen:

"Referring to your letter with reference to a souvenir in the possession of a lady in Colorado.

"I enlisted in Company H, old 4th Ohio, at Chillicothe, Ohio, and at Camp Mills we were mustered into the U. S. Army as Company H, 166th Infantry, 42d Division. I think we arrived in France, at St. Nazaire, about October 31, 1917. Our captain was Roy Houk, Topkicker Reed, Sergeant Maughmer, Corporal Hutchinson, privates in my squad were David Wagner, Lee Rambo, Chester Dugan, Joseph Wood and brother, Charlie Ware and Jet Rowland.

"I lost all my private belongings a couple of times and cannot guess what this souvenir could be unless it is a one-dollar bill on which I had my name and also signatures of about fifteen or twenty boys in the company. If this is the article referred to, my name as I recall it was lettered and the other names signed.

"Offhand, this is about the only souvenir I remember having . . ."

There was no mistaking the fact that we had found the original owner of this souvenir bill, so it went back to him. But, strangely enough, Jones has never acknowledged receipt of it, although we hope that he thanked Mrs. Cole and also Adjutant Storrs of Alamosa, Colorado.

CHICAGO, centrally located in the Mid-West, will be host to The American Legion National Convention, September 25th to 28th, inclusive. That convention city offers an ideal opportunity for veterans' organizations to hold reunions, and some of the scores of outfits are already announcing meetings. Before September rolls (Continued on page 56)

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new again. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (sisstex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.



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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
OCTOBER 31, 1938

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 396,152.91
Notes and accounts receivable	129,600.04
Inventories	71,421.65
Invested funds	1,730,649.41
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	199,786.18
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	125,097.62
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	31,632.12
Deferred charges	31,716.87
	<u>\$2,716,056.80</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 78,121.83
Funds restricted as to use	21,344.09
Deferred revenue	280,862.80
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	199,786.18
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,717,251.12
Unrestricted capital	418,690.78
	<u>2,135,941.90</u>
	<u>\$2,716,056.80</u>

THE
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
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around, we expect to list in the neighborhood of two hundred reunions. The early-bird convention reunion announcements follow, together with the name and address of the Legionnaire who can supply advance information:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Three-day reunion, banquet and dance. J. Macklen Perkins, personnel officer, Towanda, Pa.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Write to H. H. Siddall, secy., 5440 Ridgewood court, Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official paper.

BTRY. C, 67TH C. A. C., 7TH CO., FT. WINFIELD SCOTT; 44TH & 45TH PROV. COS., PRESIDIO—Reunion. Gerald D. Nolan, ex-cpl., 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

13TH CO. AND 10TH REGT., U.S.M.C., QUANTICO—Proposed reunion. Nate Leibow, S N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

WORLD WAR VETS. OF C. A. C.—Formally organized at Los Angeles. Reunion to be held with Legion Natl. Conv. in Chicago. R. R. Jacobs, comdr., Battle Creek, Mich.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perhan, Lakeside, Mich.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Banquet, Sept. 25. W. V. Matthews, 2209 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—Third annual reunion in Chicago. J. Charles Meloy, pres., Rm. 3050 Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS. A. E. F.—Reunion during Legion National Convention, Chicago. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 722 S. Main av., Scranton, Pa.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion with Legion Natl. Conv. of vets of Edgewood Arsenal, Lakehurst and elsewhere. Geo W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion of vets during Legion Natl. Conv., Chicago. Harold E. Giroux, 841 Barry av., Chicago, Ill.

BTRIES. C & D, 4TH & 5TH REGTS., F.A.R.D., CAMP TAYLOR.—Proposed convention reunion and national organization. Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Ks.

ARMY ARTILLERY PARK, 1ST ARMY—Proposed reunion. W. H. Kornbeck, 5529 Berenice av., Chicago, Ill.

NAVAL AVIATORS—Proposed reunion of vets of M.I.T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Lauren L. Shaw, comdr., Castle Williams Post, A. L., Decatur, Ill.

U. S. S. Dixie and NEWPORT TRNG. STA.—Proposed reunion at Legion convention. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

A SPECIAL invitation to all veterans who attend the New York World's Fair this summer is extended by the 77th Division Association through its Executive Secretary, Joseph E. Delaney. Comrade Delaney reports: "The 77th Division will act as host to veterans of all Divisions and other service units during their stay in New York City while visiting the World's Fair. The 77th Division Club House, located at 28 East 39th Street, New York City, offers the courtesy of its well-equipped Memorial Club to visiting veterans. Information regarding the Fair—also side trips around New York, hotel accommodations, etc., will be available. The club facilities are at the disposal of all veterans. May we be of service to you?"

Reunions and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention follow:

2D DIV. ASSOC., A.E.F.—21st annual reunion, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-22. Hq. at Hotel Whitecomb. Address all inquiries to David McKell, conv. chmn., 65 Post st., San Francisco.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., N. Y. CHAP.—Meeting 2d Wed. each month at Child's, 109 W. 42d st., New York City. Chapter Hq. at 259 W. 14th st., Howard S. Smith, secy.

5TH (RED DIAMOND-MEUSE) DIV.—Write for your Red Diamond Magazine and Fifth Division History to Wm. Barton Bruce, pres., 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

26TH DIV.—Y DVA national convention, Hartford, Conn., June 22-25. For further information,

write Wallace H. Geading, exec. secy., P. O. Box 1776, Hartford, Conn.

30TH DIV.—450-page divisional history may be obtained from E. A. Murphy, care of Old Hickory Pub. Co., Lepanto, Ark.

32D (RED ARROW) DIV. ASSOC.—To complete roster, and obtain advance information on biennial convention in Green Bay, Wisc., in 1940, report to Byron Beveridge, secy., State Capitol, Madison, Wisc.

RED ARROW (32D) CLUB OF MILWAUKEE—A "Big Moment Night" under direction of 107th Engrs. vets. will be held in Milwaukee, Feb. 7. All vets, local residents and others, are invited to submit "Big Moment" letters of not over 250 words. Medals and other prizes will be awarded. Entries must be received by the Red Arrow Club of Milwaukee, care of William Sullivan, 735 N. 2d st., Milwaukee, Wisc., not later than Jan. 30.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—21st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., July 13-15. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

LOST BATTALION, 77TH DIV.—The first reunions of survivors of the Lost Battalion were held during the Legion Natl. Conv. in Los Angeles last September at Gen. Alexander's home at La Jolla, Calif., and in New York City during the same week. A permanent association has been formed and all survivors of the "Pocket" are asked to report to Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 1859 Victor st., New York City, for information regarding future reunions.

77TH DIV.—Divisional history may be purchased for fifty cents. Chas. J. Cahill, asst. treas., 77th Div. Assoc., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion and convention, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Dr. S. A. Baltz, chmn., Uniontown. Natl. Hq., Mark R. Byrne, secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WAR SOC. OF 89TH DIV.—Revival of divisional association. All 89th vets invited to join. Big reunion during 1939. Chas. S. Stevenson, secy., 2205 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

126TH INF., 32D DIV.—Regimental reunion Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. All vets write Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson, for particulars.

308TH INF.—Reunion, Governor Clinton Hotel, 31st st. & 7th av., New York City, Sat., Feb. 4, 7 p.m. John E. Hayden, chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

357TH INF., Co. M—Reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 29-30. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Eugene Cornwell, secy., 19 Pine st., Kingston, N. Y.

BTRY. A, 124TH F. A.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., Sat., Jan. 14. Those who cannot attend are requested to send letter and recent photo; they may obtain copy of group picture to be taken by writing to Emmet Rebok, 800 S. 9th st., Springfield.

BTRY. B, 333D F. A.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 21. M. J. Kennedy, 244 Addison rd., Riverside, Ill.

61ST C. A. C., BTRY. F—Annual banquet, Savannah, Ga., Sat., Feb. 25. G. T. Barnes, 529 E. 36th st., Savannah.

2D U. S. ENGRS. ASSOC., A.E.F.—To complete roster and prepare for reunion in St. Louis, Mo., during 1940, all vets are asked to report to Francis J. Ryan, 114-45 199th st., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—Annual reunion, Curtis Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., June 16-18. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

304TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—Annual meeting and banquet, Houston Post House, 47 High St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat. eve, Feb. 11. J. P. Tyrell, 6141 McCallum St. Philadelphia.

15TH EXPRS., Co. D—Reunion, Oakmont Post, American Legion, Oakmont, Pa., Sat., Apr. 29. H. L. Knight, chmn., 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6), Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS. A.E.F.—11th annual reunion, Oakland Hotel, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. Roster still available. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

306TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—History of battalion about to be printed. Vets send name and address to Warren W. Irwin, 243 Roosevelt rd., Rochester, N. Y., so copy may be sent.

101ST SAN. TRAIN—Reunion, Hartford, Conn., June 24, during Y D national convention. John J. Goss, Y DVA, P. O. Box 1776, Hartford, Conn.

AIR SERVICE—20th anniversary reunion of all Army, Navy and Marine Corps pilots and enlisted men who trained at Florida Air Stations during war, at Miami, Florida, Jan. 6-8, during 11th annual Miami All-American Air Maneuvers.

40TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and reunion. Earle Gardner, 43 South blvd., Oak Park, Ill.

220TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and reunion. J. O. Lewis, 123 W. 71st st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BASE HOSP. 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Richmond, Va., Feb. 25. L. C. Bird, Richmond.

MED. SUP. DEPOT, CAMP DIX, N. J.—Proposed reunion at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., in Aug. Clarence T. Shaw, care of Scranton Times, News Dept., Scranton, Pa.

JOHN J. NOLL,
The Company Clerk

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